YOURS FOR SPORT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 76.. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING APRIL 16TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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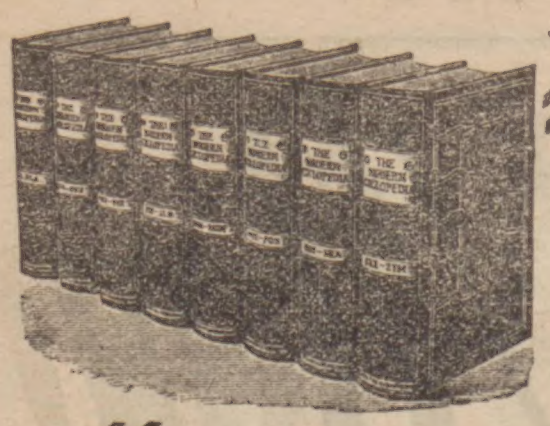

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 76. WEEK ENDING APRIL 16TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

ON LOOKING TRIM.

SHOWING THAT IT IS NOT A MATTER OF MONEY.

The dandy of former years has given way to the well-groomed man of to-day.

What are his characteristics? Well, the dandy looked as if he had just come out of a band-box; the well-groomed man suggests that he has just had his bath or been rubbed down.

Cleanliness is one of the well-groomed man's strongest traits; he looks, and is, fresh. With this passion for soap and water goes neatness in his person.

His clothes are neither old nor new; his boots have seen service, but not too much service.

You may say "Oh, it's easy enough to be well-groomed when you have plenty of money, an unlimited wardrobe, and a man to look after your things, but what is a poor devil to do when he has littlemoney, few clothes, and no one to wait on him?"

Well, it is easy to be well-groomed even if you are poor. You can surely afford a good clothes brush, and religious brushing of your clothes is one secret of looking well groomed.

Another secret of being well-groomed is ringing the changes on what you have got. Clothes, like human beings, need rest, and although you may have only two suits, by constantly changing them you will keep them fresh and smart.

So with boots. The foolish man buys one pair of expensive boots, and wears them until they are done. The wise man buys two pairs of inexpensive boots, and by wearing them alternately, preserves them four or five times as long as the one costly pair.

The well-groomed man is, above all things, particular about his linen, and here he is extravagant to be really economical.

It is true economy to have a couple of dozen collars, for thus some of them will always be having a rest from the laundry. Equally so with shirts; it is more economical in the end to have a dozen shirts than half a dozen, for it is continuous wear that quickly makes things look shabby.

The well-groomed man is also very particular about details. You will never see him with worn bootlaces or buttonless gloves.

Being well-groomed is not a matter of money or fashionably-cut clothes, though the well-groomed man's clothes are well made and of the best material.

John Burns is a very well-groomed man, but he does not patronise Bond Street, though his famous blue reefer is of the best quality.

Army officers are generally well-groomed men, because, for one thing, most of them are poor men, and they have to make their clothes go as far as possible.

Sportsmen, too, are usually well-groomed, for they are neat, clean, and tidy in their habits.

The well-groomed man, indeed, is not only physically, but morally, a clean man.

FRANCIS SCOTT.

CHEEK.

Says Mr. Perceval Gibbon: "When a man gets to excusing himself and gassing of his temptations, he's got a worse complaint than whisky." The complaint, taking into consideration the "gas," is presumably about as bad as whisky-and-soda.

* * *

A recount of the North Lonsdale poll was held recently, when it was found that the successful candidate, Mr. Haddock, had had his majority increased from 69 to 169. It was quite in the nature of things that after a considerable lapse of time Haddock should be even higher.

* * *

Mr. James Douglas says that Mr. Shaw would make an admirable Teddy Bear. Mr. Shaw, it is rumoured, opines that Mr. Douglas would make only an inferior Gollywog.

* * *

We are told that the Kaiser has recently acquired a china shop in Berlin. Peace-loving Teutons earnestly hope that the Bull will never find his way into it.

* * *

A racing scribe tells us that impatient "punting" spells loss. "Yes," comments Bertie Bonnyboy, sapiently. "Why, only last summer I lost my head, my punt pole, and the esteem of dear little Totty Trippit, all in one afternoon!"

* * *

"Dress Problems of the Stage" are discussed in a newspaper. Some dancers we know have found a very simple solution.

* * *

"People never go to the theatre through any natural desire to be educated," says the "Scots Pictorial." Students of human nature say that a desire to be educated was never natural.

* * *

"Pegtop" trousers are to be fashionable, we understand, during the coming summer. Timidly we suggest that they are in for a good spin of popularity.

* * *

Miss Mary E. Mann observes that "a really attractive woman is of no age in the mind of a man who is drawn to her." This, of course, explains the modern lover's term of endearment, "kid."

* * *

A writer in "London Opinion" discourses on "Patent Toes." If somebody would patent toes without corns he would be a made man.

* * *

A play to be produced in London shortly is called "The Lucky Star." It is rumoured that Messrs. Wilkie Bard and George Graves are at present hotly disputing as to which of them the title is intended to describe.

* * *

The "Star" describes a young girl's lapse from the paths of rigid honesty in the headline, "A Girl's Trick." With innate chivalry we are prompted to murmur "Whist!" J. S. COX.

CHANGE.

WHAT IT DOES FOR A MAN.

One of the things that a doctor frequently prescribes to wealthy patients is what he calls a change. He advises them to go for a month or so to some bracing place.

Usually he is very definite as to the spot to which they should betake themselves. He, perhaps, bars the seaside because it is too relaxing, and he insists on their going to one or other of certain high-lying inland places which he names. He does this because he knows that if he merely asked them to take a change they would not be sufficiently impressed, but when he prescribes a definite place there enters into their cure an element of faith

In most cases, however, they get well simply because they have changed their mode of life, and not because of the air or any other quality attaching to their new place of residence.

I advocate change most strongly, and it can be enjoyed without cost by every city worker.

When a man finds his health running down he generally curtails his pleasures. He knocks off smoking, drinking, and theatre-going, and gets to bed early. Instead of having a comfortable and substantial lunch at midday, he indulges in something that he calls "light." Frequently he lunches on boiled fish and boiled potatoes—than which I know no heavier diet—or he may even be foolish enough to go to a vegetarian restaurant.

He is having a change in the wrong way. He is making things unpleasant for himself, and the new regimen being unpleasant, he will not keep it up for long.

If a man cuts down his tobacco, and so forth, he should take his pleasures in other directions, and I would suggest as a very helpful and excellent alternative the taking of week-end holidays. The knowledge that you are going away for the next week-end gives you something to work for.

The composition of our bodies is constantly changing, and I hold that to maintain perfect health one requires change, not only in diet and environment, but also in such things as recreation.

There are some men who believe that they would attain their summit of health if they had a horse to ride; there are others who think that the possession of a motor-cycle would make them new and different beings.

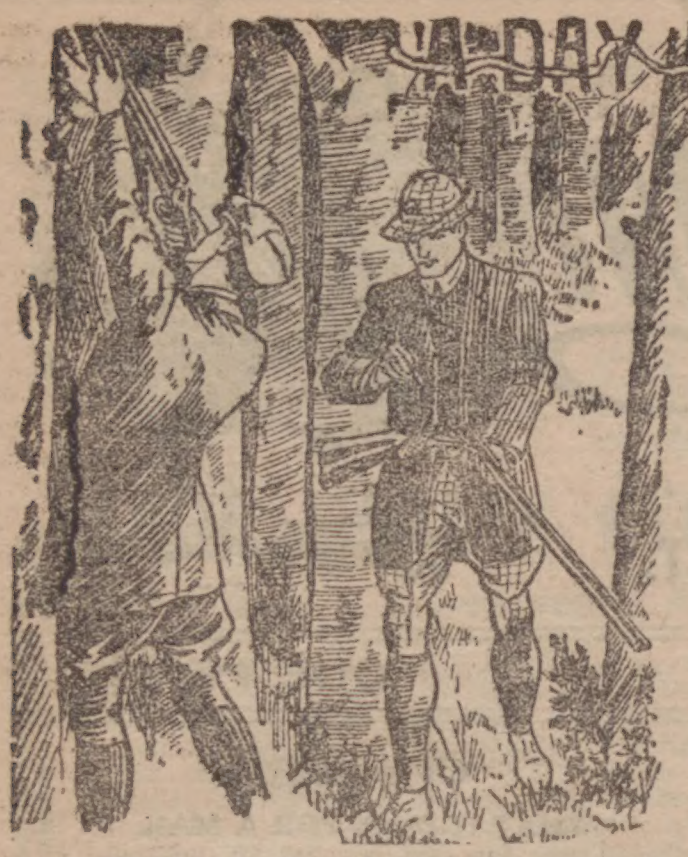
The horse, or the motor-cycle, undoubtedly benefits a man immensely for the first few weeks of possession, but afterwards they begin to pall. You feel too tired or too lazy to ride your horse, and your motor-cycle is slightly out of order, and would take a quarter of an hour's tinkering before you could set it to rights.

The truth is that you have tired of your hobby, and what you need is a change.

In selecting a hobby, I should advise you most strongly to take up something that you can drop without hesitation and without compunction as soon as you are fed up with it.

E. E. ROBERTSON, M.B., CH.M.

A DAY AMONG THE ROOKS



A CHEAP AND SEASONABLE SPORT.

"A rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight."

Truly, if this old-time saying be justified, we were promised a glorious morrow.

A glorious morrow it was! More akin to a July day than one late in April. A day to make the young rooks come out in the sheer delight of the lust of living, and plume their coal-black feathers in the soft warmth of God's sunshine.

A dim haze hung over the surrounding country, indicative of intense heat at a later period in the day.

The night before we had carefully cleaned our bicycles and rifles so as to be in complete readiness for our day's sport.

BEGINNING THE DAY WELL.

At ten o'clock we started off for our first rookery. It lay hidden away in the fields about three miles from our home. It was a large bird-rendezvous containing over a hundred nests. At the rate of four eggs to a nest we should have about as many hundred birds.

It was a promising prospect. Of course, some few score of the young birds had not yet ventured out on the branches; but the rest—we chuckled grimly at the thought.

At last we arrived at our destination. Leaving our bicycles alongside the wall we climbed over, and unslung our rifles.

Bang! One of the rooks smelt fire. Bang! Bang! Bang! In rapid succession the shots rang out, every second shot generally finding its billet.

Some of the rooks had ensconced themselves most ingeniously behind forks in the trees and all available branches. This added a spice of rivalry to the sport, as each of us tried to be the first to seek out the most vulnerable spot in the victim's body.

AN OLD BIRD.

Occasionally an old rook would come back and with her deep-throated "Caw! caw!" try to lure off the strongest of her brood before the fatal bullet had time to lay her low.

Sometimes we managed to shoot the old rook herself—but this did not happen often, as the bird was, as an American would say, "a d——d sight too cute."

Altogether we spent about two hours in this particular rookery. The dead, when totalled up, numbered over seven score.

We now opened our luncheon basket and partook of a nourishing, if somewhat small and easily eaten meal of tabloids. We also had some fruit to put a finishing touch to our repast.

Slinging our rifles over our shoulders, we mounted our bicycles and started off for "fresh fields and pastures new."

The next lay close by the road, and a large stream flowed through it, making a joyous tinkling sound on that bright April morning, as it dashed rapidly onwards on its way to the sea.

This was what we had long been waiting for. Taking our rifles to pieces, we knelt down and held the barrels in the gurgling stream. The water poured through the aperture, carrying away all the dirt and powder which had accumulated.

A TIP TO REMEMBER.

Far better than oil or other methods of cleaning is this of allowing water to flow through. If oil be used, it leaves the barrel too greasy, and the small-calibre bullet is apt to foul and fail in its duty. Of course, for larger rifles oil is a necessity; but for a rook-rifle, water is a blessing which cannot be dispensed with.

While we were thus occupied, an old farmer came along and spoke to us. He told us of the good old times as he called them, when rooks were much more in evidence and rook-shooting was looked forward to as a great national event.

"But things be'ant th' zame as th' used to be, ven th' old maister lived," he said, as with a "Good luck to ye," he departed.

We then started to shoot again, and in about another three hours some ten score rooks had joined their brothers and sisters in the happy hunting grounds above.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

As the shades of evening were now falling fast, we cleaned our guns and turned our faces homeward. We had enjoyed a splendid day's sport.

We had improved our sense of sight, while at the same time we exercised our bodies.

Lest any one cry out against the sin of shooting innocent birds let them remember that the same birds destroy the farmers' crops, and in other ways make themselves a nuisance, and anyone who has ever tried a rook pie will agree that rook-shooting is not mere purposeless slaughter.

Nevertheless, it is essentially a sport which gratifies an Englishman's inherent, if unconscious, love of killing.

Let any modern man who is inclined to laugh when he reads this but once try it himself, and in all probability he will become an ardent devotee of the sport.

C. Godfrey-Kilroy.

RACING COLOURS.

What a delightful thrill goes through the man who sports his racing colours or sees them sported for the first time. Probably the selection of them has cost him much thought and anxiety. He has settled on the colours he would like, only to find that they have already been registered by some other owner—confound him!—and this has happened time and again.

However, by juggling with cap, cuffs, collars, and bands he has got an unappropriated design and has preserved his own favourite colour as the main one, and there at last go his colours fluttering and sagging in the breeze—for good or ill.

It costs 5s. a year to register your colours, or they may be registered for life on payment of £5.

Among famous racing colours may be mentioned H.M. the King's, purple, gold braid, scarlet sleeves, black velvet cap with gold fringe; Lord Rosebery's, primrose and rose hoops, rose cap; Lord Carnarvon's, scarlet, blue collar, white cap; Mr. L. de Rothschild's, dark blue, yellow cap; Mr. Solly Joel's, green and pink stripes, pink cap; Colonel Hall Walker's, blue and white check, cerise cap; and Lord Durham's, purple, straw sleeves.

Will the primrose and rose hoops be first past the post this coming Derby? That is a question a lot of us hope to see Neil Gow answer in the affirmative.

To run a horse in colours other than those registered, without making a special declaration of the fact overnight, is an offence punishable by a fine of not less than one sovereign or more than ten sovereigns.

TRAMWAY CADS.

SOME LONDONERS WHO DISGRACE THEIR NATIONALITY.

Scene: A London tramway terminus anywhere between six and seven p.m. On the pavement is a long queue of both sexes. A tram comes along, and there ensues a struggle which is a disgrace to British manhood and our much-vaunted civilisation.

In Manchester and other big provincial cities the queue system, I believe, is as rigidly enforced in regard to tramcars as it is at theatres, but in London the tram queue is a snare and a delusion.

Late-comers get in front of those who have been patiently awaiting the advent of the car, the queue, so called, breaks up into a writhing mob, and the scenes that ensue are disgraceful. That is not too strong a word to use when women, old and young, are pushed, butted, and shouldered aside by apologies for men.

Who are the worst offenders at these unmanly scenes? Well, I will not say that the British working-man is guiltless, that he never uses his strength to thrust aside helpless women, but on the whole he offends as an exception, not as a rule. The chief offenders are the hobbledehoy products of our modern system, if it can be called a system, of national education.

Sublimated office-boys, nominally too "proud," in reality too weak-bodied, to do manual work or to learn an honest trade, they have not a spark of manhood or a glimmer of chivalry in them, and they belie the name of man.

But they are dare-devils when the tram comes along. Some of the more dauntless ones actually jump on it before it stops. Of course, this is unfair to the other passengers, but this fact merely adds to their dirty self-satisfaction. To sneak a mean advantage, to "do," to "chisel," is their idea of cleverness.

Then their behaviour in the mêlée. They are weak creatures, herring-gutted, pigeon-breasted, with lean, unclean necks beneath their soiled high collars, but they have bony elbows, and they use them with great effect. Besides, it does not take very much to knock out a half-starved lady typist.

Oh, they are great boys, these tramcar warriors. Inside the car they show their fine and independent spirit by disregarding the notice that requests smokers to occupy the rear seats, and as for making room for a lady—oh, they know a trick worth two of that. If women choose to work for their living, they musn't expect any privileges; that is the convincing argument of these modern "gents."

Thank heaven, I have never seen one of them wearing a Modern Man pin.

They don't read men's papers; their favourite literature is the hermaphroditic "bits" twaddle about the number of sardine-tins that would reach to the top of St. Paul's.

At the same time, they rather fancy themselves as sportsmen; they are great supporters of professional football, though they would probably break their skinny shanks if they were to kick a ball. But on Saturday afternoons, released from licking stamps, they throng round the football pitch. The game doesn't particularly interest them, but the referee does, and they bait him to their hare-heart's content.

It is a fine thing to insult a man from a safe distance, and when he cannot retaliate. The exquisite humour of yelling "Ref, ref, now then ref, where are your eyes, ref?" is too obvious to need comment. Oh, they are grand sportsmen, and things of beauty and joys for ever.

Mark their pimply skins, their scurfy hair; note their blackheads behind their ears; note their rounded shoulders, their bent-pin legs; observe their fashionably-cut shoddy, their brass rings and watch-chains, and then thank Satan for such fellow-countrymen.

Do I pitch it too strong? I think not. This type of youth is a distinct modern product, bred of cheap and rotten education, an education of which the installation of honour, decency, chivalry, and manliness is no part.

David Cooke.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE GREAT ALTERNATIVE

By ADAM STERN.

Joseph Greatwich, works-manager of the Hillhead Rolling Mills Co., had arrived at that part of the day's work which he liked least of all. He had a pile of letters to sign.

Even at forty-five years of age, with nearly fifteen years' experience to aid him, he still found the handling and direction of a pen a severer task than the handling and direction of four hundred workmen. It was the inexcusable shortcoming of being born before the period of compulsory education.

While but a sturdy lad of eight, he had left school to start work in the foundry. How, at thirty, he came to be works-manager of this, one of the largest iron-foundries in the Black Country, needed no further explanation than to look at him.

Bluff honesty, stern uprightness, insatiable energy, were as plainly his belongings as his close-cropped moustache, his keen though kindly eyes under the shaggy brows, and the robust geniality of his manner.

He was the father of a big family, he lived out in the country, and he seemed to be one of those men who not only enjoy all the good things of life, but thoroughly deserve them.

Nevertheless, this "signing business" was a daily ordeal, not to be undertaken without elaborate preliminaries.

He hung up his coat behind the door, rolled his shirt-sleeves high above a hairy forearm, eyed the heap of letters with a portentous frown, sat down at the shabby, book-littered desk, sighed, and began. His lips moved in automatic unison with the laborious up-and-down of the pen.

The telephone bell rang.

"Ah!" said Joseph Greatwich, glad of any diversion from an unpleasant duty.

"Hullo! Hullo, there!" he called. "Yes; you're through to me—Greatwich. Who's that? Who? Sidney Walsh? How do, Sid, my lad? You want to see me? Right; come along! No; I'm no busier than usual. Bye-bye."

He rang off. A genial smile broadened his mouth.

"I'll warrant he's comin' to talk about Jessie," he mused.

Jessie was the youngest daughter but three, and he had "seen this coming." Walsh, who was a frequent visitor to the house, had a different look in his eyes for her than for the rest.

"I know she's fond of him," said Joseph Greatwich with conviction.

And the ensuing reflections so agreeably engrossed his mind that he signed half-a-dozen letters with an unconsciousness bordering on ease.

II.

Sidney Walsh was a neat and slight young man in the early twenties, clean-shaven and fair, with good features and a ready smile.

Joseph Greatwich noticed that the smile was nervous even as they shook hands, and inwardly he chuckled with content.

Having achieved all he wanted for himself, his strongest wish now was to see his children happily married and prosperous, to which end he was ready to provide encouragement both friendly and financial.

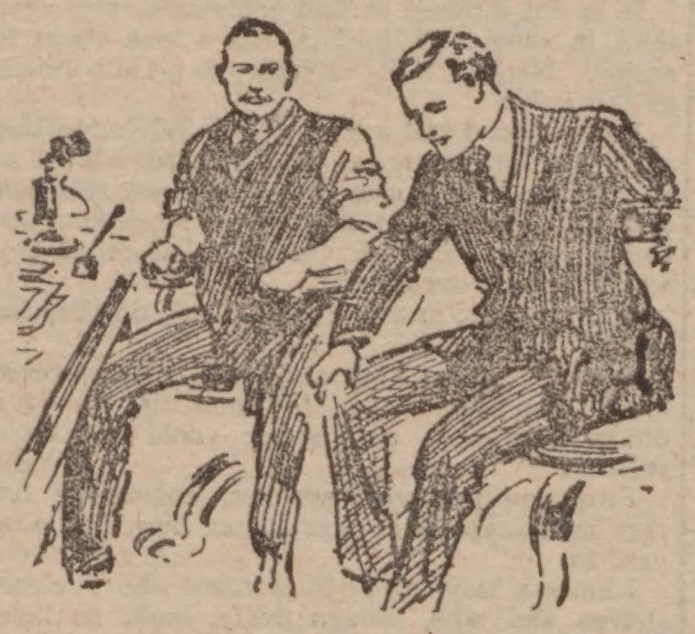
Though Walsh was only a clerk in the office of a rival firm, he understood that he was esteemed by his employer, and had good prospects of advancement. Besides, Joseph Greatwich was no disbeliever in the advantage of small beginnings.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you," said Walsh, after exchanging greetings.

"Not a bit. Sit you down."

Greatwich placed a chair for him and took his own, sitting squarely in it, his eyes anticipatory. Blunt, homely and reliable he looked.

"I want to speak to you on a private matter."



"Go ahead," said Greatwich, heartily. "I guessed it must be that."

"I hope you won't think I'm imposing upon the kindness you have always shown me, Mr. Greatwich."

"All depends on what you've got to tell me," said Greatwich slily.

"You have always made me so welcome at your house and been such a friend that I should never forgive myself if I lost your good opinion."

Greatwich nodded. A man sparse with words, he was used to listening, and the youngster had evidently got a few carefully-concocted speeches to deliver.

"But it was because of that that I thought you wouldn't mind if I came to you."

He paused to smile again, rather nervously.

"Just so, Sid," said Greatwich, helping him.

"You know my people are not very well off, so I couldn't get any help from them." A nod. "And I don't get on with them very well, either. I've never been treated anywhere so kindly as at your place."

Greatwich waited, smiling.

"Mr. Greatwich, you won't be offended?"

"Not I, my lad."

"Promise me, that if you won't do what I ask, you won't think any less of me, or mention it to—anybody."

"Dunno what it is yet; but I don't think you need have any fear, Sid."

"Then, Mr. Greatwich, will you be so good as to lend me thirty pounds?"

Greatwich's jaw dropped. This was so far from what he had expected, that momentarily he was flabbergasted.

Walsh continued hurriedly:

"I assure you I want it badly, or I should never have asked you. I can pay you back in six months, and, of course, you must let me add the usual interest. I came to you because you're the only friend I've got who could oblige me without personal inconvenience, and I hated asking you, only there seemed no other way, and——"

"What d'ye want it for?" interrupted Greatwich.

He had recovered again and was smiling, but the eyes were now more keen than kindly.

Walsh told him a lucid tale of a friend who had married and gone to Liverpool to live and was in great difficulties, and had appealed to him.

His eyes were fixed earnestly on Greatwich's all the time. It might have been that he feared to let them stray in case his straightforwardness might be doubted.

Greatwich heard him out in silence. His appearance of blunt geniality was unchanged, but he knew that Walsh was lying.

"What's your friend's name?" he asked.

Walsh told him.

"What's his address?"

Walsh hesitated.

"He wouldn't like to know I'd been talking about him," he said evasively.

Greatwich made up his mind promptly.

"Listen here," he said, in a friendly way. "If you're thinking of getting a friend out of a corner by gettin' into one yourself, don't you do it. It ain't business, and it ain't sense. You look after yourself. That's my principle in life. So long as you're all right yourself, nobody's got any need to worry about you; see?"

"But—but I *must* have the money. I owe it him."

"I thought you said he asked you to lend it him."

A silence.

"It's yourself, ain't it, Sid?" said Greatwich kindly.

No answer; but Walsh looked at the floor.

"Then, why not 'a' said so outright? What d'ye want it for?"

"I've been getting into debt with various people," said Walsh, in a loud voice, "and they're pressing me."

"What people?"

"I can't tell you," came the reply, after hesitation.

A pang went through the father's heart. It was going to be bad for Jessie if she had fallen in love with a weakling. But the man who ruled four hundred men spoke.

"Then I don't help you," he said, decisively. "If you can't trust me to know the truth, I can't trust you with the money."

Walsh lifted his head quickly.

"Mr. Greatwich," he said. "There's Jessie. It's because of her I want to save myself. It'll kill her if she knows."

"What ye been doing?" asked Greatwich sternly.

Walsh's face worked pitifully as he endeavoured to answer.

"Betting," he said.

"A—h!" Greatwich's lips closed with a snap. "Now—out with it!" he said, "and let's know all."

The confession came in a burst; the usual story of success at first, then losses, then plunging to regain what was lost, further fugitive successes, and at last the time when he "borrowed" the firm's money, honestly intending to pay it back at the first win.

"Do your employers know?" asked Greatwich.

"No; but I've got to make up the quarterly balance to-morrow; then they will."

"And you only realise what it'll mean to you when there's a chance of bein' found out. You only realise then you've been dishonest."

"You don't know what it means when once you begin," said Walsh, desperately. "You don't intend to be dishonest. You keep on thinking you'll win it back, to-morrow, to-morrow, *to-morrow*. It's that that keeps you from facing the trouble and getting it over. How can you own up and bring grief upon—upon those that matter, when the next day may see you straight and nothing need be said about it?"

"Money that a man don't earn, that he tries to get cheap, is never any good to him," said Joseph Greatwich sententiously. "What's the exact sum short?"

"Twenty-nine pounds, fifteen."

"If you pay that back to-morrow, nobody'll know anythin', and there'll be no risk of the as if nothin' had happened?"

"Yes," said Walsh, looking up with a gleam of hope.

"Has it struck you that you'll be gettin' out of it pretty easy?"

"I've had my lesson," said Walsh, bitterly. "The last two months have been like hell."

"You'll forget 'em, perhaps, when you try to pick the winner of the Derby."

"Mr. Greatwich," said Walsh, solemnly; "whether I get out of this, or am shown up and disgraced, I've determined never to back another horse as long as I live! Don't you believe me?" he demanded, fiercely.

"I believe that you mean it *now*, my lad," answered Greatwich. "But gamblin' ain't cured by good resolutions; it wants dosin' with nasty medicine most times."

The younger man felt his heart sink at the words. He got slowly to his feet.

"I see," he said. "I'm sorry I troubled you. I thought you might help me to another chance. I thought you might understand that because a young fellow plays the fool once he doesn't want it to ruin his whole life—especially if—if——"

The tears started to his eyes.

"It's what Jessie will think that's the worst," he cried. "She believes me straight, and she'll think every man's as rotten as I am if she finds me out."

"You're misunderstandin'," said Greatwich, gravely. "I shall give you the money, right enough."

"You *will*! Oh!"

"But that ain't the principal question. Nor Jessie ain't, if it comes to that. Sit down again, Sid. I ain't goin' to read you a sermon by way of seasonin' the gift, but you've got to have the benefit of a bit of hard-headed wisdom for all that. It's you that matters most in this particular question, and I'll tell you how.

"I shall give you the money—*give* it you, you understand." He dismissed the other's protest with an abrupt gesture. "And there's two things you can do with it. You can pay it back and say nothin', and nobody'll be any the wiser—or you can go straight to your boss, plank down the money, and tell him *everythin'*. Chance whether he sacks you, or even prosecutes you. Chance whether he talks about it all over the town, and gives you a bad name.

"It's the hard way, my lad, but in a none too easy life I've always found that the hard way's best in the long run. It stiffens a man up. The chap who gets easy out of trouble of his own makin' tumbles in again as easy.

"That's all I've got to say. Think it over. You've got to do one or the other. It's an alternative as most has to face sooner or later—whether they'll care less for what other people think than what they think of themselves. In ten years' time you'll either be a man as anybody'd be proud to shake hands with, or you won't. See!"

He turned to his desk, and opening a drawer, drew out a cheque-book. Walsh watched him, his fingers restless.

"And Jessie?" he queried, anxiously.

"There's the same alternative with her. Just the same."

"Shall you tell her?" The inquiry was sharp, anguished.

Joseph Greatwich traced his signature slowly in silence. He blotted it as slowly, tore the cheque from the book, and handed it to the young man, looking him full in the eyes.

"No," he answered, curiously deliberate. "It's for you to tell her—or nobody."

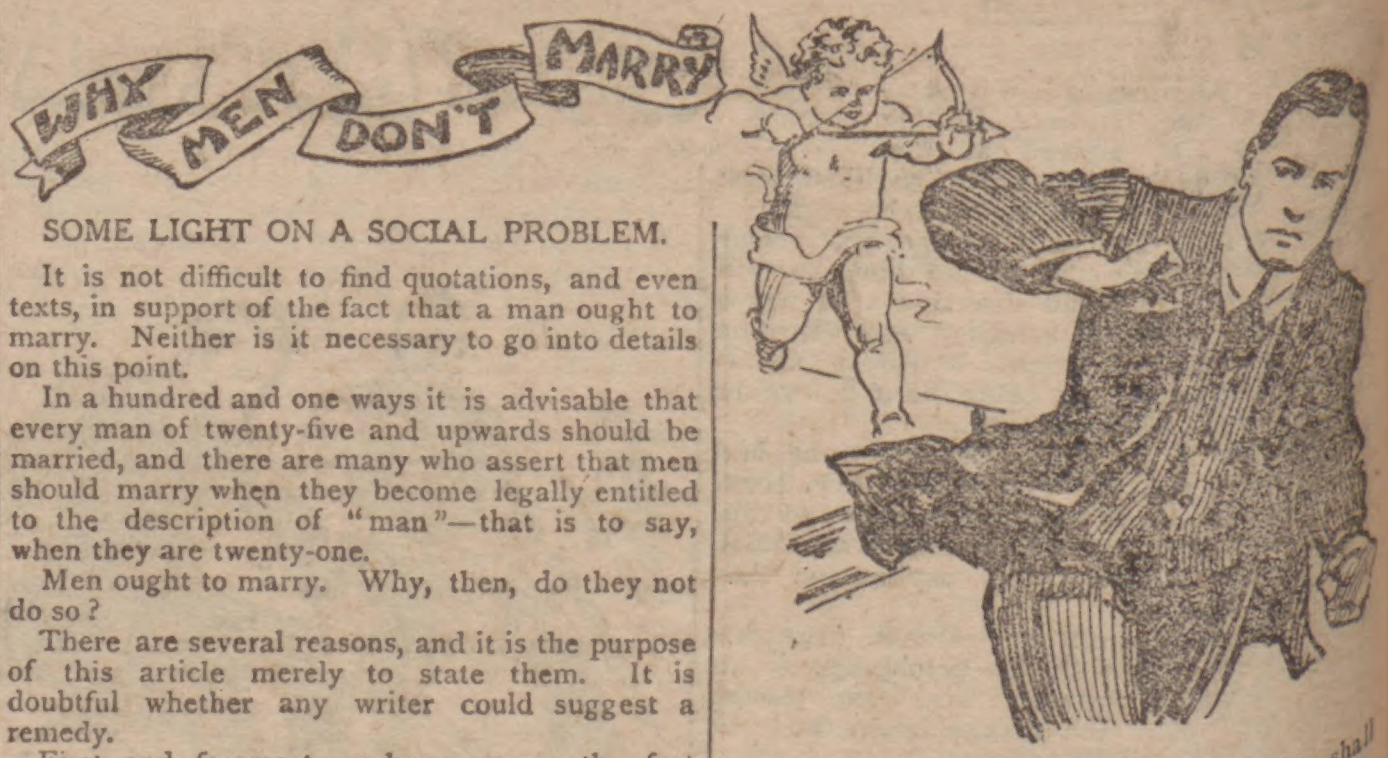
"Can I still come to your place as I used to—if—if—nothing happens?"

Greatwich nodded.

When the other had gone, after stammering heartfelt thanks, he stood thoughtful, gently scratching one hairy arm.

"If nothin' happens," he echoed, reflectively. "Nothin' will happen. He won't tell. . . ."

He tossed his head with a spasm of disgust. "No guts," he muttered.



SOME LIGHT ON A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

It is not difficult to find quotations, and even texts, in support of the fact that a man ought to marry. Neither is it necessary to go into details on this point.

In a hundred and one ways it is advisable that every man of twenty-five and upwards should be married, and there are many who assert that men should marry when they become legally entitled to the description of "man"—that is to say, when they are twenty-one.

Men ought to marry. Why, then, do they not do so?

There are several reasons, and it is the purpose of this article merely to state them. It is doubtful whether any writer could suggest a remedy.

First and foremost, perhaps, comes the fact that men keep their ages better now than they used to.

I know a Member of Parliament who is clean-shaven and who, though thirty, looks no more than twenty-three.

MEN OF THE PAST.

One has only to study the photographs of young men in bygone times—such, for example, as the photographs of the Oxford and Cambridge boat crews that are sometimes reproduced—to see how much older, apart altogether from the whiskers and top hats that they wore, men used to seem for their ages than they do now.

But it is not only in the matter of appearance that the men of to-day have taken on a renewed juvenility. They are young in mind also.

In these days sport has been better organised than it has ever been before, and a man who is good at any game or sport finds every inducement to devote his spare time to it, even though he is running on in years.

Thus we find at the present time men of thirty and over still representing their county or country in cricket or football.

Sport is, to some extent, the equivalent of marriage, for it not only gives a man something other than courting to do in his spare time, but it also uses up his surplus energy.

A NEED UNFELT.

Our devotion to sport, and the fact that it keeps us young not only in age, but also in appearance, explains much of the reason why so many men are bachelors at thirty. They simply do not marry because the need for a wife has never obtruded itself very much upon them.

Another reason why men don't marry is purely a commercial one.

In these days, most businesses are run by a few clever men who draw several thousand pounds a year in salaries, but their assistants rarely get more than a bare living wage. In the old days it was comparatively easy for an enterprising young man to earn extra money by assiduously applying himself to his particular line of business, but at the present time it is more than difficult for him to get a rise. The profits, that it is undoubtedly he who earns, are handed over in the form of extra dividends or bonuses to the director under whom he serves, or to the shareholders of the company for whom he works.

WHAT IS A LIVING WAGE?

What a living wage may be, it is difficult to define.

The country labourer considers himself at his prime in the way of earning when he attains a pound a week, for he knows that he is never likely to earn more. On the other hand, a pound a week is to the City clerk the barest of bare livings, and he looks anxiously for the time when a salary of two pounds a week will enable him to marry.

Yet, again, two pounds a week is regarded in certain businesses as a minimum wage, and the man earning it waits for the time when he shall be getting twice as much.

Everything depends in a matter like this upon custom and social status.

What will keep a working-class family going in fair comfort, is not sufficient to maintain a family where there is to be some pretence to social position.

Each class of worker is looking to the time when he will be able to earn just that little more per week that will enable him to provide for two instead of for one, and it is unfortunate that under the present conditions of business he has to wait a very long time, sometimes so long that he is an old man with no idea of marriage when he gets it, and sometimes he never gets it at all.

WHAT WOMEN WANT.

Perhaps the greatest drawback to marriage, however, is the demands made by the prospective bride.

Twenty years ago women married men knowing that they would have to rough it with them, prepared to deny themselves every comfort and even some necessities, provided they could be with the men they wanted. These were love marriages, indeed, and it is sad to think that the time of them has passed.

The girl of to-day wants to start where her parents left off. She must have her servant, her silver tea-service, and all the rest of it. The young man who would make an excellent husband for her knows her requirements, and, being unable to gratify them, he does not suggest marriage to her.

These are the chief reasons why the young men of to-day don't marry. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when these obstacles will be removed, for marriage—happy marriage, of course—is as good for a man as it is for a woman.

Wm. Ponder.

A FENCING DANGER.

Most men take up fencing under the impression that it involves no danger; and, generally speaking, this is so. But there are occasions when an element of serious danger creeps into fencing, at any rate, with the foils.

If you have a bout with the foils with another man, try as far as possible not to lunge at the same time as he does. A good fencer will always be able to see when his adversary meditates an attack; so that to lunge simultaneously is simply an indication of mediocrity. And it often results in grave injury to one of the contestants. In such a case, at least one of the foils may snap with the force of the two bodies, and the broken blade may inflict a serious wound.

There have been several instances of fencing accidents of late years, and it is safe to say that they all resulted from both fencers lunging at the same moment.

ATTAINING YOUR MAXIMUM STRENGTH

THOMAS INCH, THE WELL-KNOWN PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT, GIVES SOME EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION.

"So far, and no farther"—this seems to be the position of so many young physical culturists who have perhaps practised physical culture for years, and find that their chest measurement yet remains at a certain measurement with no increase. They are disheartened, because they desire so much to become really strong and possess great all-round development.

While I advocate exercise with the developer and light dumb-bells for the average business man, and, in fact, for all commencing physical culture for the first time, yet I do say that by practising on this method the limit of your strength will not be reached.

MEDIOCRITY OR EXCELLENCE?

Light exercise is a splendid thing to keep a man in form and fit him for every-day work, and hundreds are content to stay at this point. On the other hand, there are those who are ambitious of developing themselves to the highest possible pitch, and it is to such that I suggest the following hints.

After a certain amount of light exercise has been practised regularly, then leave it alone and take on more advanced work. I strongly and emphatically advise weight-lifting exercises, combined with weight-lifting proper, as the best means whereby a man can produce big muscles and real strength.

I am supported in this statement by all the leading strong men of to-day—Arthur Saxon, Padoubny, Hackenschmidt, Maspoli, and others, and the claims of such men as these should alone be sufficient to induce every young physical culturist to try the method I suggest.

The first thing is once and for all to rid yourself of the erroneous idea that weight-lifting is in any way injurious to the heart or internal organs of the body.

Weight-lifting practised on right lines is no more injurious to the heart or internal organs than is cycling, running, or any other sport.

There is a certain amount of danger connected with any sport or pastime if it is overdone, and the same principle applies to weight-lifting.

WHEN IT IS DANGEROUS.

Weight-lifting is dangerous only in the following cases:

1. When, to begin with, the lifter is suffering from a weak or diseased heart, and through inexperience attempts to lift a weight far beyond his strength.
2. When heavy weights are attempted in wrong or unscientific positions. With weight-lifting, as with everything else, advance must be made step by step, and position in lifting is everything.
3. When lifting is carried on too long at one time, or when the lifter attempts at each practice to break his previous records. To commence with, I recommend about once per month as being quite often enough for the beginner to "try his strength" at lifting.

Many argue that weight-lifting makes one slow, and much has been written on the subject. Although this argument may appear plausible, yet weight-lifters are as a rule anything but slow, and there is no reason whatever why a weight-lifter should not combine with his training a little skipping, boxing, and ball-punching, and thus lessen the possibility of slowness ensuing from weight-lifting exercises.

One of the best aids to the lifter is the practice of walking. By this, I mean walking with the object of gaining real and lasting benefit from the walk. The body should be held erect, the shoulders pressed back, and long, deep breaths taken.

Cycling and light dumb-bell work would also prove of great assistance.

I most strongly advocate a disc bar-bell with which to exercise in place of the old-fashioned shot bells. The weight of the disc bell can be graduated to an exact poundage, and thus the lifter is always conscious of the exact weight he is lifting. Again, it is far quicker, easier, and cleaner work to alter the weight of a disc bar-bell than that of a shot-loading bell.

Diet, of course, must receive careful attention. All rich and indigestible foods must be avoided. Plain and nourishing food must be partaken of with plenty of fruit, and meat not more than once per diem.

THE VIRTUES OF WATER.

At least two pints of clear water should be drunk each day, and if the lifter is desirous of putting up his weight, it is a good plan to sip the water slowly.

A cold bath should be taken daily, followed by a brisk friction with flesh gloves or a rough towel.

Eight or nine hours' sleep should be the aim of the lifter, and weight-lifting should on no account be practised immediately before or after a meal. At least an hour should elapse between the meal and the practice.

As the muscular strength improves, lifting ability will also improve, and thus gradually the poundage of the bar-bell can be increased according to the strength of the lifter.

THOMAS INCH.

THE EXHILARATION OF EXCELLENCE.

It is not given to everyone of us to feel it, but those who are in a position to experience it describe it as by no means the least of life's pleasures.

The feeling of exhilaration that comes with the definite knowledge that one is in the first class at any sport is immeasurable. And this is especially the case in a game where success rests in the hands not of one man, but of a whole team. When one member of the team feels that he is the Titan among them, that he is their tower of strength, and that they look to him in their hour of emergency, his natural gladness knows no bounds.

For instance, take a doughty back at football. See the opposing forwards press him, hustle him, strive by every means in their power to circumvent him—but in vain. He is too good. He is a higher class player than they—and he knows it. As, time after time, they rush towards him, he eyes them with quiet confidence, and the ball soars into mid-field again.

When that back trots off the field at the final call of the whistle, and he thinks of the number of promising passing runs that he spoiled in the nick of time, his heart beats faster within him.

This feeling is not conceit; it is not vanity. It is the exhilaration of excellence.

BAITS FOR APRIL.

AN ARTICLE FOR FISHING READERS ONLY.

It is certain that throughout the United Kingdom thousands of enthusiastic anglers are singing pæans of praise at the arrival of April, for it is during this month that the river-fishing season begins in earnest. So that the following article, describing some of the baits particularly suitable for the month of April, and the best way to obtain them, will not be unwelcome.

To start with, by far the most widely-used bait all over the country will be the common earthworm, and many is the man who is delving at the present time in his garden, and placing in a pail the worms he discovers, some whole, and not a few mangled with his spade. But that is not the right way to set about getting the elusive earthworm. Make a hot, but not too strong, infusion of mustard and water, and pour this in small quantities down the worms' burrows or holes. They will speedily issue forth, and you can easily catch them.

But while on the subject of worms, do you know why fish so often disdain them? It is because particles of mud still adhere to them. They have not, to use the phrase of the fishing expert, been "scoured." They should be kept in moss, with just a sprinkling of damp mud at the bottom of the can, and in this way they will scour themselves. It is possible, and even advisable, to keep them between six and ten days in this way. With keeping, their bodies become hardened and more suitable for use on a hook.

If the worms are to be kept in a tin, the lid should, of course, be pierced with holes for ventilation, sufficiently small to prevent the exit of the prisoners by them.

Many anglers prefer a flannel bag filled with moss to the more cumbersome bait-tin.

In April, perch have a partiality for a peculiar bluish-headed worm which is found, of all prosaic and unsavoury places, under deposits of cow's dung. Minnows are also readily taken, but don't forget that they must be alive. The hook should be fixed in the back under the dorsal fin, and the bait should be prevented from swimming lower than three feet or so by a moderate-sized piece of cork fixed to the line at that length from the hook.

Another sporting April fish is the roach; and the best bait for him is the gentle. Now, it is a strange fact that if we ask a butcher for gentles, he will fix us with a glassy eye and say he has none in a tone which is as though to say, "D'you suppose I keep decayed meat in my shop?" So we are forced to breed our own gentles. This is how ancient Izaak Walton advises us to do it:

"Take a piece of beast's liver, and with a cross-stick hang it in some corner over some pot or barrel half full of dry clay; and as the gentles grow big, they will fall into the barrel and scour themselves, and be always ready for use whensoever you incline to fish."

Pike-fishing—for the pike season is by no means over yet—could not have a more attractive bait than the humble frog. When you purpose putting in a day's fishing, you should scour the reedy banks of the rivers and ponds with a net for the batrachians. And remember that the more bright yellow ones you secure, the better, for pike have a marked preference for frogs of this colour.

A simple but perhaps rather unsporting way of catching pike is to attach a strong line, baited with a frog, to a tree at nightfall. Cast the frog out into the river, and come back an hour or two later. If there are any pike about, there will probably be one exhausted or dead on the end of your line. But don't forget to "hobble" your frog in some way; otherwise he would calmly swim ashore, having naturally no wish to form the supper of any fish, pike or otherwise.

Finally a good bait for ordinary use in April, especially for roach, is simple bread-paste. But this bait needs a quick hand on the rod, for it is very easily sucked off the hook by a wily fish.

S. JARROW.

SOME TALES OF THE CUP

ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS CLUBS.

It is just on forty years ago since a meeting of the representatives of football clubs took place in a small room in Boy Court, in Ludgate Hill, when eleven clubs were represented, and it was decided to establish a challenge cup. Among those who competed were: Crystal Palace, the Clapham Rovers, Upton Park, and Donnington School.

The total income of the Association in those days was not enough to purchase the trophy, and an appeal had to be made for subscriptions.

The Royal Engineers and the Wanderers met in the first final at the Oval, and the latter won by a single goal.

The next era in the story of the competition was when the Old Etonians, thirty years ago, beat Darwen, who were all working chaps, and Lancashire was quite excited at the idea of the toilers opposing the gentlemen from Eton at their own game. They met, and the result was a tie of five goals each—truly an extraordinary issue.

A TWICE-REPLAYED FINAL.

The visitors pressed for an extra half-hour, but the Etonians declined. Darwen returned to their homes, and the town decided that the lads should persevere to the end. The sum of £125 was raised by a subscription, and in those days amateurs had no prejudice against professionals, for the Football Association had contributed £10 and the schoolboys £5.

They met at the Oval, and after two hours' play the game was a draw again. The third time they met, and Eton won the Cup by 6 to nothing.

Among those working-men was James Knowles, the captain, and once when he was heavily charged by an amateur of huge physique, the gentleman apologised, but James retorted in true brogue, "Apologies be hanged, afta' tha's nelly killed a felly!"

Another player was asked to go to Blackpool to train, but his reply was, "Nay, nay; it would take me weeks to get used to Blackpool. Give me a few extra butter-cakes and let me have some long walks, and I'll show 'em how Tom Berry can play." And he did, for in all these three Cup matches nobody was so fresh when the fighting was over.

Another of the toilers considerably startled the aristocrats by asking one of them frankly, "Weer the hangment he weer puncin'?"

BLACKBURN'S TRIUMPH.

A year or so later the Blackburn Olympic dealt their death blow at the Old Boys, and in 1893 they won by two goals to one. On that day the working-men took the trophy away, and in the evening the side were entertained at a banquet by the Members of Parliament. When they returned to Blackburn, the eleven, in a wagonette harnessed by six horses and handled by postillions, were escorted through the town by these Members, and were cheered by thousands of people who were not merely club partisans, because it was a triumph for Lancashire, and Alfred Warburton, the captain, held the Cup aloft so that all could see the trophy which footballers fought for. Then one man uttered a prophecy, and said: "Look at the Coop. Whoy it is loike a copper kettle, it'll naar go back to London." Nor did it, for many years, and then the Spurs won it.

"THE THROSTLES."

Why are West Bromwich called the "Throstles"? It is because the people of South Staffordshire believe that there are no such sweet songsters as the thrushes that tune their merry note in the desolate Black Country. "If you want a throstle, get a Bromwich throstle" is a proverb among the natives in this part of England through which the express carries you along between Birmingham and Wolverhampton. It is difficult to believe in the possibility of bird-life in that dark and gloomy region.

The bird has been a reality in the history of the club, and at the headquarters there used to be a beautiful thrush kept in a cage, and it was the harbinger of victory.

When the Albion met Aston Villa in the final of 1892 a Birmingham tradesman, keen on the utility of advertisements, placed a dead thrush in his window. That was in the morning when the hopes of Aston ran high, but in the evening, when the Villa had been vanquished, there was a representation of a live throstle standing on John Devey, the opposition captain, tearing the national trophy out of his hand.

ALL ENGLISH.

At another time when the Albion beat Preston North End in a Cup game, Major Marindin, the president of the F.A., and afterwards the celebrated inspector of explosives, went into the dressing-room of the Throstles and asked them "if they were all Englishmen?" He received a reply in the affirmative, and the F.A. President remarked "that he had very great pleasure in making their acquaintance, and trusted that they would ever uphold the honour of England."

It was very significant that they had no Scotchmen in the team at the time when they had begun to find out how to get the "bawbees."

Tottenham's great season was nine years ago, and it will be remembered that a record crowd assembled at the Crystal Palace to witness the match that ended in a draw.

The Spurs were opposed by Sheffield United, and more than 110,000 people witnessed the struggle.

When the match was in progress at the Palace, two men of mark were seated next to one another, each ignorant of the identity of his neighbour. They were Mr. Councillor Roberts, of the Spurs, and Mr. Charles Stokes, chairman of the United. The comedy of the situation was enhanced by the fact that Mr. Stokes did not hesitate to predict victory for his own men, though he was ever ready to applaud the good play of the Spurs.

A BELATED INTRODUCTION.

Towards the end of the game, Mr. Wall, the F.A. Secretary, came up and spoke to both gentlemen. Still they did not know each other, until just as he was going away, Mr. Wall turned and said to Mr. Roberts, "If the Spurs win, you will have to make a speech."

Mr. Stokes turned quickly to his unknown neighbour and said, "What's that he says?" Mr. Roberts repeated the words. "That is Wall, of the Football Association," he added.

Mr. Stokes was still puzzled. "Yes, I know," he said, "but who are you?"

Then it suddenly dawned upon him that it was a humorous situation, and both men laughed very heartily as they understood the position, and shook hands. When the Spurs had won the Cup outright, one of the first to congratulate them was Mr. Stokes.

There are various incidents that gather round Cup-tie football. Sheffield Wednesday, for instance, are proud of the fact that they were the first club to have the honour of winning the Cup which replaced the one that was stolen when in the possession of Aston Villa.

A HANDSOME BONUS.

The same club used to pay a bonus to their men for winning each Cup-tie. The scale was £1 for the first round, £2 for the second, £3 for the third, £4 for the fourth, and £5 for the fifth, so that when the players carried off the Cup in 1896 every man was entitled to a present of £15.

No one who witnessed it will ever forget the final when the Wolves beat Everton in 1893, when R. Topman, the Oxonian, scored a goal, and knocked over a policeman who was acting as a custodian close by.

The brothers A. M. and P. M. Walters, who were known as "Morning" and "Evening," were once described by Preston forwards as a pair of "battering-rams," and in the same team of Old Carthusians was G. O. Smith, the quietest, mildest man who ever dismayed a pair of half-backs, and crashed the ball into the net.

There are a large number of clubs who have memories of great football contests, and it is interesting to note that the late C. W. Alcock was the captain of the first side that managed to bring off a victory. Perhaps he little dreamed that for many years to come he would be concerned in focussing his efforts on getting the game free from much that is undesirable.

WALTER BULL
(of Tottenham Hotspur).

THE "DOUBLE MEANING" MAN.

Though we are not squeamish, it is fairly certain that the majority of us foster a certain distaste for the man who tells a "smutty" story, and, as this is the case, it is still more certain that we particularly dislike the "double-meaning" man.

The phrase is not ill-chosen, but for the benefit of those who do not understand it, we may explain that the "double-meaning" man is an impure-minded person, who always keeps his ears pricked for any perfectly innocent remark which may be ingeniously construed so as to present a "smutty" significance.

When, at last, he does hear such a remark, he draws instant attention to it, elaborates the "point" with loving care, and rejoices in the uproarious laughter of any of his own kidney who may be among his hearers.

Sometimes at a tea-party, or some such function, he may detect some unfortunate girl or woman in making an entirely unconsciously ambiguous remark; and in this case, though of course he will not say anything, he will leer round at the other men present, and perhaps wink, as though to say, "Did you twig that? *I* did!" And then, perhaps, he'll wonder why all the other men look as though they'd like to kick him.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS FOR MEN.

There are a great many of us who fancy that they have missed their vocation. Some should have been writers, some singers, some should have loomed large upon the tragic or the comedy stage; and some, by their masterly rendering of sweet music, should have held vast audiences spellbound.

Men of this kind ought to come together for the purpose of amateur theatricals, for this is an excellent outlet for such restricted aspirations. Seriously speaking, it would be an admirable way for men of literary and artistic tastes to spend an enjoyable evening; and the cost would be insignificant. In the first place, a suitable hall, with electric light, can be hired, almost anywhere, for about six shillings a night. No scenery would be necessary; but the idea of a famous Shakespearean actor of playing before heavy curtains might be adopted with advantage.

The play might be written by one or more of the literary brigade, and the music and songs provided by others. And the disposal of tickets—of course, by private sale—might make the enterprise combine profit with artistic enjoyment.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S GUARD

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

When a man joins a regiment of Yeomanry—"crack" or otherwise—he is expected, whatever his position in civilian life, to take the rough with the smooth at camp during the Annual Training. The Sergeant-Major, if he is of the right sort, makes no exceptions, and if a man is told off to do a "stable guard," he is expected to remain smiling while his friends leave the lines smartened up for the absolute captivation of the fair ones of the nearest town in the evening.

Now, one attains no sort of honour—but much unseemly ridicule—on "stable guard." It is usual for those who are not enthusiastic about the post to pay the sum of five shillings to a man who is prepared to accept an evening's solitude for that amount down in ready money. It is recognised "conduct money," and an unwritten law demands that such obliging gentlemen as accept the two half-crowns shall go to the Sergeant-Major, confess to a long smothered love of "stable guards"—and unblushingly volunteer to take a man's place, just as if the Sergeant-Major did not know that the trooper whose name appeared on the typewritten slip was at that moment minus five good shillings.

But these old customs die hard, even in Territorialised Yeomanry regiments—regiments that are freed now from the odious question, oft repeated in the old days—asking whether they were "Militiamen or qualified liars."

Yet, Trooper Kernahan of the "King's Own," whose game was a cut above the last uninteresting duty a work-satiated Yeoman wants to do, had tried in vain to bribe the usual self-constituted "slaves" of the squadron to undertake his "stable guard" for him on the usual terms. A slight rise had failed to persuade them. All apparently had "something on up town."

After the third man had returned a grinning refusal, Trooper Kernahan gave it up in disgust, pulled on his great-coat and thick boots, collared a ground-ash switch, and reported himself for duty.

It was only characteristic of his friends, Carteret, Stephen, and Alexander, that they should take visible delight in, and make a point of, passing their comrade on their way out of camp. Brynhilton was a seaside resort very famous for its lobsters and crabs. Yet it was unkind of Trooper Alexander to turn round as he swung by in step with his friends and blandly suggest to Kernahan that perhaps a special messenger might be dispatched from the town with a "lobster mayonnaise" for the supper of the "stable guard."

Trooper Kernahan, however, flung them a cheery farewell, mentally resolved to get level with this recruit from the Strand, and settled down to take as much interest as possible in life and his duties.

It is against the rules to smoke on "stable guard"—but Kernahan would have been no true Yeoman had not a pipe and tobacco been the first thing for which he searched his one cloak pocket.

And with this reeking after a certain amount of contented puffing, Sergeant-Major Brighton found Kernahan in the horse-lines of "B" Squadron, and officially winked at the circumstance.

"Let your patrol extend round 'E' Squadron's lines as well, Kernahan," said he. "They want licking into shape a little, do those 'E' Squadron men——"

"They're a newly-formed squadron, and they've got to learn—haven't they, 'Major? So it's as well to play light with them at first——"

"That's what I'm going to do, Kernahan. Their Sergeant-Major is a man I don't *know*—if you follow what I mean——"

"You've not quite tumbled to him generally yet, 'Major?"

"Well, perhaps that expresses it in your vocabulary, Kernahan. In the meantime you might keep your eyes open. Their 'stable guard,' of course, is not used to——"

"You don't think, Major"—Kernahan laughed quietly—"that we don't realise *why* their tents are pitched next to 'B's' lines, instead of in the usual order?"

"You know too much, Kernahan. I called you over the coals for that in '07."

"You *did*, Major; and I maintain I didn't deserve it!"

"Now you're gettin' at me, Trooper, and it'll never do for the dignity of Squadron 'B'!"

The Sergeant-Major drew himself up and winked solemnly once.

"With regard to Squadron 'E,' Trooper," said he, "you will kindly superintend their horse-lines, and include them in your round of duties. Do I make myself clear?"

Trooper Kernahan brought up his stick in the sword-salute fashion and smiled knowingly.

"Perfectly, 'Major," said he—and walked quickly off to inspect the "B" Squadron horses that were picketed, with head and heel-ropes, in the broad space between the long lines of Government bell-tents that were marked "E" and "B" respectively in black letters upon white boards at the end of the avenue.

And behind this simple arrangement, those who had eyes to see might have discerned a certain purpose.

Captain Devine, admittedly the best all-round man "B" Squadron had ever boasted as an officer, was smoking a cigar in his tent when Sergeant-Major Brighton returned.

"Well?" said he, as the Sergeant-Major entered. "Take a seat, Sergeant-Major—you know where to find the whisky and the syphons."

Sergeant-Major Brighton, thus relieved of his ranking in every way, made himself comfortable in a cane lounge chair that was reputed to have borne Rajahs of Indian States. The Sergeant-Major rattled off his account tersely.

"According to your instructions, sir," said he, "I interviewed the 'slaves' and warned them that on no account would any substitutes for officially-selected guards be permitted."

"You did this tactfully, I hope, 'Major?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Said that the Colonel *might* make a sort of surprise inspection, etcetera. Then I looked up the members of 'Liberty Hall,' Kernahan's particularly efficient young bli—friends, I mean friends. Told 'em there was to be no show of combined action, that about nine o'clock they were to return to camp over the South Downs through the dark, and then they would hear if Kernahan really wanted any assistance to deal with those unknown young devils in Squadron 'E.' I should say, sir, that they've been making life a misery for Lieutenant — er ——"

"Venning, 'Major, Venning." The Captain prepared another peg for the Sergeant-Major and himself.

"Of course," he went on, "young Venning isn't the sort to judge up a schoolboy's report on the subject of being unduly annoyed by his squadron. But—unofficially, as you say, Sergeant-Major—I know he's been having a deuce of a bother with those young mudlarkers. I know their tactics; they wait until nightfall, when the officers are all at mess, and then they enter and wreck his place generally. You know the game, Sergeant-Major?"

"Know it? I've been in the Army same as you, sir, and seen it played on Sergeants who've been promoted on account of their—intellect—rather than their ability to *command*. Yes, I know the game from A to Z, sir. They mix up a man's boots, bosh up his bedding, upset ink over all light material——an' so on. . . . Of course, in this case it could be stopped immediately by force. *They* think it clever."

"Yes, but we don't want to dilly-dally over petty 'crimes,' 'Major. I think we are a regiment capable of a little Home Rule?"

"Exactly so, sir—and, as you said this morning—Mr. Venning's not bringing the thing before the official notice of the Colonel is a good thing in itself. You know how black a simple thing like that looks on an Army Report form. Inspectin' Brigadier-General would be sure to sniff at it. I think that in the present efficient hands the matter can be safely left for settlement."

"Of course," said Devine, "I flatter myself that — er — a little setting in the right path at the instance of influential members of an old squadron will do the required amount of good to the infantile 'E.'"

"Besides, if we employed—officially, sir," the 'Major said, "the methods that Kernahan's Guard will use, there would be 'Maltreatment of Territorials' in all the daily papers."

Devine laughed appreciatively.

"Exactly, 'Major. Well, I'm open to bet that we sha'n't hear much more of this business—officially."

The Captain smiled.

"Of course," said he, puffing at his cigar, "if any Squadron 'E' fellows turn up on parade with their faces a bit purply ——"

"Through mosquito-bites," the Sergeant-Major put in, swiftly.

"Through mosquito-bites, *as* you say, Well, it's not a thing to be taken notice of officially."

"As the nights are so *warm*," said Sergeant-Major Brighton. Of *course* not, sir!"

The Captain consulted his watch. In the distance the band could be heard playing a light waltz in the officers' mess.

"I go to tackle the good things, 'Major," said he.

"I can always eat a good dinner to this little thing of Octave Cremieux's . . . . dee—da—dee—da—*dee* . . . . dee—da *dee*. Well, good-night, 'Major. Rejoin me here at nine sharp. Lieutenant Venning's tent being just opposite, I'll guarantee you a little fun."

"Right, sir."

The Sergeant-Major rose, saluted stiffly,

and went forth humming *con molto expressione* the swinging cadence of "Quand L'Amour Meurt."

The moon had risen high when Sergeant-Major Brighton tapped very softly with his whip upon the canvas of Captain Devine's tent.

"Come in, 'Major." Devine's voice was little above a whisper.

Silently the Captain handed his right-hand man his cigar-case.

"I've heard young Kernahan on the prowl," said Devine, in a low voice, as he struck a match and applied it to his cigar. "I heard him fairly decorating Squadron 'E's' 'stable guard' with terse remarks over a loosened peg or something. I shudder to think the reputation I should have if *I* spoke half so straight to a man——"

"And you're not in the habit of mincing matters, sir," observed the Sergeant-Major.

They relapsed into silence and smoke. Outside the horses stamped in the lines. It was some ten minutes before there came sounds that denoted that conspiracies were afoot.

It was somewhere in the outer darkness over to the right of Captain Devine's tent. . . . . The Captain put out the light swiftly, and only the red of his cigar burned on an ash-tray in the black . . .

Then, a keen whisper—evidently flung across some yards of dividing space:

"Wingey—Wingey!"

There was no answer.

Then again:

"Wingey! Wingey!"

"Wingey seems in great demand," Captain Devine observed.

"'Allo, cutty!" came at last from near by. "'Allo, that you, Winchcliff?"

"Yes . . . where are the others?"

"*Can't* you shut up?"—the voice was pleading. "Can't you be a bit canny. I tell you, you'll bust up the whole game, and we shall get copped. . . . Saw a light in that tent behind you——." The speaker was evidently joining forces with Trooper Winchcliff, of Squadron "E," for he seemed to approach nearer to Captain Devine's tent.

"That's only a 'B' Squadron Captain's . . . big chap with the swagger moustache. Devine, I think his name is. Thinks himself no end of a swell."

In the darkness the Sergeant-Major choked and thanked the gods that there was no light.

"No man," whispered Captain Devine, "objects to a little wholesome criticism."

"The penalty of listeners," said the Sergeant-Major, sententiously.

"Just so. Just so."

Outside, the plot seemed to be thickening. There were heavy footfalls, muttered murmurs of "Shut up, you idiot!" many "damns" and requests to make less noise.

"These chaps," said the 'Major with conviction, "haven't got enough strategy to outwit a schoolgirl, and—and——"

The 'Major seemed at loss for utterance.

"And they've got Kernahan and his little Guard against them!" Even Captain Devine was finding it hard to keep his composure.

The noises seemed to be all in the direction of the tent occupied by Lieutenant Venning, of the newly-constituted Squadron "E."

"I suppose, by the voices," said the Sergeant-Major, "that there are six of 'em—but they're makin' more row than the Lancers at Omdurman."

"Wingey" and his minion Winchcliff still seemed to be heading affairs. Wingey was requested to undo the tent-flaps, Wingey was called upon to enter the tent, and it was Wingey also who refused, in a strident whisper, to go another adjective step further if they "all stood gapin' outside like a lot of Horse-Marines."

"Master Wingey has no comprehensive vocabulary," said the Captain.

"He must be taught," said the Sergeant-Major gleefully,—"that and many things. . . *many* things."

The conspirators apparently submitted themselves to this polite form of persuasion, and, entering themselves, proceeded to incriminate themselves as desired by Wingey—and also by one Trooper Kernahan, of Squadron "B," who observed all that passed from the cover of an adjacent tent!

The last of the six entered the tent, and something went smash.

"By Jove!" said a voice—evidently the indefatigable Wingey's. "There goes dear Venning's shaving-glass. It's bad luck for seven years——"

Then a very loud voice called out:

"*And* a dam' bad time for seven minutes or so, my boys. Trot out, you blighters! You bally discredits to the regiment!"

"By gosh—old Kernahan!" exclaimed the 'Major, "caught 'em like bally rats in a trap. They'll have to come out one at a time!"

"Come out, you blitherers! Come out, if you dare face one man!"

Inside the tent of Lieutenant Venning was tumult and affright. There was the sound of a blow. . . . Some one blundered over a tent rope and went headlong, cursing.

"That's one of ye!" exclaimed Trooper Kernahan. "Come on!"

It was then that Sergeant-Major Brighton saw fit to poke his iron-grey head out of the tent.

He drew in a deep breath. Then flinging back his head he gave the signal—the long, keen, incisive notes of the Tenth Legion's call. . . .

There was the sound of three pairs of long legs running swiftly.

"All right, Kernahan," came the cry of Trooper Alexander. "It's Carteret, Stephen, and Alex-an-der!"

Inside the tent, the Captain felt for his cigar-case, and linked the Sergeant-Major's arm in his.

"All we have to do is keep out of this, 'Major, like—er—officers and gentlemen! Come on up to the mess."

For some days after it was a cause for wonder why a flight of mosquitos should single out only *one* tent, and that, one of Squadron "E's," for their unwelcome attentions. Yet Trooper Kernahan's Guard was content to smile—and say naught.

ONE DRAWBACK OF NET PRACTICE.

At the time these lines appear in print, the cricket season of 1910 will have started in good earnest; and men who are fortunate enough to get away from their offices at a fairly early hour will be taking advantage of the rapidly lengthening days to put in an hour or so's evening practice at the nets.

But let us here sound a note of warning for the benefit of the man who is keen on bowling, and on whose good nature equally enthusiastic batsmen are wont to impose, in many cases, no doubt, quite unconsciously.

The ambitious bowler will in all probability go to the nets with a man who is anxious to perfect his execution in one particular department of batting, and the latter will make some such request as "Keep on sending me down balls on the off, there's a good chap." So that the bowler will spend his entire hour's practice delivering the particular kind of ball requested.

This obviously warps a promising bowler's style, and robs him of that one great requisite of a good bowler, resource and ability to introduce repeated changes into his delivery. At the same time, the too-willing bowler is apt to overtire himself in such work at the nets, and thus to endanger his form in actual matches.

At the nets a bowler should only practise for a short time; and he should spend this improving his own play, and not that of other men.

A WILD NIGHT.

THE JOYS OF A STRUGGLE WITH THE ELEMENTS.

I have been out at all times of day and night, and in all weathers, and the wildest times have always seemed to me to come with darkness. When sun has set and when cloud hides the moon, both gale and rain become more like furious living creatures than the mild elements we know in daylight.

Walking the four miles that separate my work and my home, I have to fight every conceivable sort of weather, and that which puts the sternest strain on endurance and strength is certainly the wild night, with scudding cloud and lashing rain and boisterous wind.

I grip my stick, set my teeth, and turn the corner of the town that leads to open country. It seems that every wind of heaven has waited my appearance, like a horde of highwaymen with bludgeons, for no sooner have I turned into the lane than I am pulled up sharply by this first unexpected onslaught.

Recovering my balance, pulling my cap close to my head, and leaning slightly forward, I dive into the hurricane, pitting weight and strength against the wind and making slow progress.

I am as a blind man feeling and chancing his way among many pitfalls, for sight is impossible. All is pitch dark, and incessantly the gale thunders in my ears, covering every other sound.

Here and there in the neighbourhood of a farmstead a swinging door sends ghostly echoes over the storm, and a dog's barking sounds at my heels one moment and the next seems to have receded into the distance, borne away on the air. I might be followed by ghoulish hounds. And were I given to panic fear I should run for very terror.

In a lull, just when I begin to think the strength of the storm must be expended, the rain comes streaking down like cold, sharp knives, slitting the very flesh, or so it seems in the darkness. The trees shriek louder as the branches soak in the downpour; the road grows soft, and going becomes irksome.

In half an hour more, with luck, I shall see a welcome light ahead, but the time seems long, and as I strive and struggle against the unseen hands gripping at every inch of me to keep me back, I begin to feel a moisture working through about the knees, making every garment cling.

Still on I must go. There comes a faint lifting of the pitchy darkness as the clouds thin out for a space and the light of the moon glimmers down. I see clouds scudding across her watery disc—clouds in a fearsome hurry, driven like terrified things before the hunting gales. And then the banks come up, shutting out the light, and leaving all dark and terrible again.

Round the house the battle rages with fiercest fury. The winds rush in as I open the door with a struggle and fight fiercely to close it as against some angry mob clamouring for entry.

Even a single match, struck in the solemn silent hall, dazzles the eyes fresh from such inky blackness without, and the glow of a lamp seems like a summer sun for brilliance.

But hark at it outside! As if angered by my escape, the winds clatter and yell about every window, they scream through keyholes and growl savagely down the chimneys, disputing my right to shelter.

Before the glowing hearth I sit at last, my mud-bespattered boots and leggings thrown aside to await the brush in the morning, my soaking clothes exchanged for a roomy dressing-gown, a pipe, a glass, and an hour's comfort as I sit laughing at the storm, yet not displeased at having fought the wildest night I remember.

R. J. Williams.

MY SUMMER TIME-TABLE

A SUGGESTION TO THE MAN WHO WORKS IN A TOWN.

Like the great railway companies I reorganise my comings and goings from April to October—earlier if the weather entices, and later if it holds good—so that I can follow the method of the railways in another detail, for I can say that these new summer plans will remain in force "until further notice."

This year the weather was enticing, and so the summer plans came into operation a few days ago during one of the very loveliest springs I can remember.

Being what is called a "daily breader," a man who is bound to work daily for his living, with the exception of Sundays and Bank Holidays (and not always these)—it may seem that my summer time-table cannot vary to any very great extent from that by which I live in winter, but I can show you quite convincingly that it is in reality little short of a complete revolution.

You must know at the outset that I am a keen all-weather cyclist, and, I think, a fairly good "staying" rider. Before one can hope to defeat the town and put up a successful fight against the calls of work, one must be a cyclist—or, a rich man.

TRUE WEALTH.

I am the former, but shall never probably be the latter—rich, that is, in mere money. In joy of life I am as rich as anybody. Like money-getting, this richness of mine grows the richer the more I indulge it. I live in one of the great centres of the North of England, where there is a perfect plague of large towns far too close together for comfort, health, or country enjoyment. So in order to defeat these obstacles in the way of my summer plans I have to make special use of both railways and bicycle.

It needs some study of time-tables, some knowledge of roads, a little juggling with the money at command, and a lot of love for the open road. There are great centres to be dodged, but I have found in between them and have found open country beyond, just nineteen miles from my work, with unlimited country on one side and some fifty miles between me and the great towns for all things in spring and summer!

MY SUMMER QUARTERS.

Here I have found rooms in a farmhouse, a place with long low rooms and quaint staircases, small windows, and a roof of mossy tiles, and a middle-aged homely body to "do" for me.

Here, during the early mornings and the late evenings, I spend some of the very best of times in a country renowned for its beauty and its sport-loving.

The journey hither was not a matter of great moment. A portmanteau, a kit bag, and a few "trucks," and all my belongings were removed.

I have a week-end in some new part of the country all the summer round, and yet I'm never away from "home." It takes a summer to know a radius of twenty-five miles from any country town, and one need never traverse the same roads often that they become monotonous.

How to accomplish this desirable result needed some thought and careful planning. Here are what I may call the bricks of the building of my summer plan. I have already given you some idea of the

THE TRANSPORT PROBLEM.

In the first plan I had to choose a place where, should accidents happen to my bicycle, I should not be isolated and unable to get to and from work at the times when this was necessary—before nine in the morning for work, and after six in the evening. Looking carefully through the time-tables, and comparing all the pros and cons. of each

eligible spot, I chose what I considered the best. Trains were suitable, rates were fairly low.

The next step was to find the room, and this was done by spending a Saturday afternoon in the selected spot. We came to terms, which were considerably lower than what I paid in town.

Then a five months' season ticket had to be bought. This cost me just under £9. It is a big sum, but it must be paid. There are days, and many days, in every spring and summer where cycling is impossible because of the weather. There are also days when you "don't feel like it," and there are days when the cycle itself is laid up. Those times occur frequently, and after reckoning up the chances, it seemed that I should perhaps save, and in any case should lose nothing, by taking a season ticket rather than by taking a "return" when I felt like it.

BIKE AND TRAIN.

But cycling is the basis of my summer plan, and three days out of six—sometimes for three weeks at a stretch—I cycle to and from the town to my country home. Then the day comes when the train is a boon and a blessing.

As I live for six or seven months within walking distance of my work, I spend nothing for half the year on travelling, so that the £9 does not fall very severely on my pocket when spread over the year.

The enjoyment obtained from the mere fact of riding to and fro is very considerable indeed, and keeps me from getting fat, heavy, and flabby from too much sitting still in train and office.

Every evening I look forward with absolute delight to a twenty-mile spin home, leaving the town behind and getting into clearer, cleaner, sweeter air at every turn of the pedals. Taken in two spells—morning and evening—forty miles a day, and every day, is a mere fleabite, and is glorious training for a three days' ride at Bank Holiday times or for a fortnight's cycle touring at the yearly holiday.

IN BAD WEATHER.

It sometimes happens that after I have ridden up to town the weather becomes bad, and to ride back would be unpleasant. In such a case a choice of courses is open. Either I leave my bicycle in town in safe keeping, and use the train home and up again next morning, or I pay the small railway charge and carry it home with me by train. By so doing it is ready next morning, if the weather has improved and I am feeling fit.

The weather usually does improve, and I always feel fit, so I carry it with me as a rule. The summer time-table works admirably, but it should not be attempted without *both the cycle and the season ticket.*

It requires a little energy to start with, but it saves one from falling into a groove, and prevents the monotony of routine.

J. Simons.

UNPOPULAR SPORTSMEN.

TYPES IN VARIOUS GAMES.

The great majority of sportsmen (I use the term to include athletes and games-players) are good fellows, and popular not only among their own class, but with all decent men.

There are sportsmen, however, who are shunned; when they want a day's shooting or fishing, a game of cricket, golf, or billiards, other sportsmen are apt to rise up, and on one pretext or another to beg to be excused the pleasure of the unpopular sportsman's company.

I will pass lightly over such obvious types of unpopular sportsmen as the man who loses his temper in defeat, or conversely is offensively exultant in victory.

There are others, however; nothing definite is alleged against them, but men fight shy of them. that is, after having once been out in their company, I do not mean the dangerous duffer of a shot who blazes away over your head or carries his gun with the muzzle pointing at your ribs, or the dangerous lunatic of a horseman who barges right across you at a fence, or at polo, or again the genial ass who thinks it funny to play the fool in a boat.

The type of unpopular sportsman I mean is the man who is addicted to more or less shady practices, which are the more exasperating that it is difficult to denounce them, however strongly you may suspect the offender.

Golf, curiously enough, furnishes several examples of this kind of thing. I say curiously enough, because the majority of golfers, in England at least, are gentlemen, as the world estimates gentlemen.

To take an instance, in golf if you stand in rear of your opponent as he is about to make a shot, you are certain to "put him off." I can't explain why this is so, but it is so. At a crucial hole or stroke, our friend takes up a position behind you. You can, of course, request him to move, and he will be full of apologies. But the mere fact of having to check your stroke in order to get him out of the way puts a premium on a "foozle" at your next attempt.

If, on the other hand, you play the shot rather than check your swing, and miss it, you have no redress; you ought to have asked your opponent to move, and you go on your way feeling sore and suspicious, with inevitable detriment to your game.

Another dodge of the golfing "rotter" is to ask you to give him a short putt. It is a matter of courtesy at golf, when your opponent's ball is on the lip of the hole, to let him count it as holed out in the next shot, so as to save him the trouble of actually putting it down.

Your "friend," however, is a foot to eighteen inches from the hole; it is a nasty, tricky, downhill putt, anything but a certainty.

"You'll give me that, I suppose," he says coolly, and picks up his ball. You are in an awkward position; if you insist on his replacing his ball and playing the shot, and he misses it, he is sure to make you uncomfortable by hinting that you had put him off, while if you give him the putt you are haunted by the conviction that he would probably have missed; you feel that you have been done, and your game suffers.

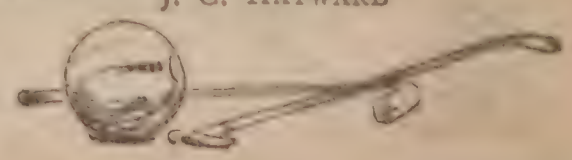
The Billiards Control Club have put a premium on dirty play, not to say fraud, by their ruling in regard to fouls. According to their rules, the penalty for any foul is that the balls shall be spotted and the other player break from hand.

Now, say it is a close finish; B, the non-striker, wants three for game, and has an absolute "dead" pot [illegible] a pocket. A, the striker, is "angled," and cannot possibly score. He "accidentally" fouls his ball, with the result that the balls are spotted, and B has to play a difficult losing hazard from hand, instead of the easy pot that he had left before A failed.

Then there is the billiards-bounder who "accidentally" speaks or moves on your stroke.

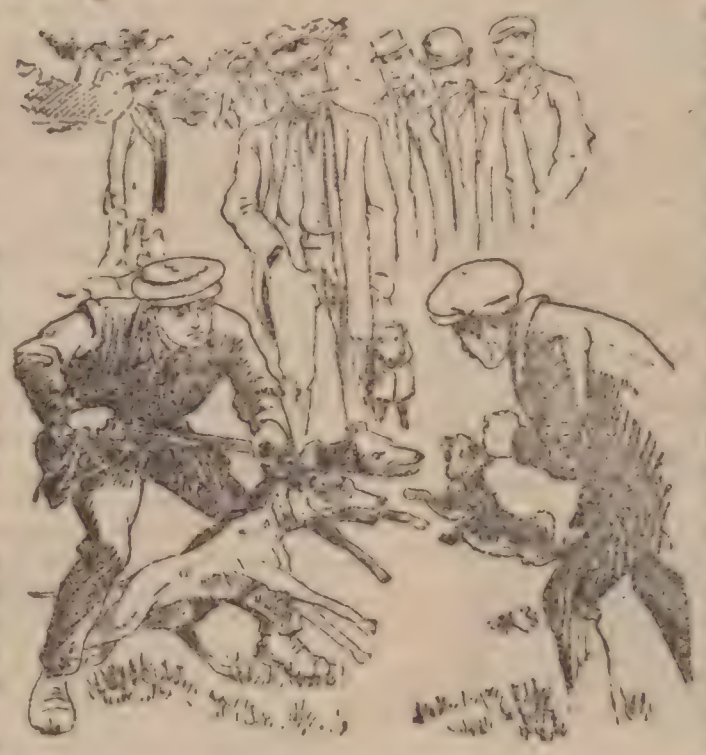
The mark of the unpopular sportsman is that he is always making fouls which may be accidental, but which you strongly suspect are deliberate.

J. G. Hayward



Where Men Foregather

LIX.
THE RABBIT-COURSING MEETING.



I remember a clerical friend of mine telling me that in the days when he was a curate in the North of England he was very much astonished at being asked by some of his parishioners one day whether he were "coomin' t' cursing."

For a few moments he suspected a revival of witchcraft, and then it dawned upon him that a coursing meeting was meant.

That, however, was genuine coursing with hares, hunted in their wild state, and having a tolerable chance of saving their lugs (ears).

Rabbit-coursing, however, is, I believe, a fairly recent institution. Here, let me say, that whatever my private feelings may be I hold no official brief either for or against rabbit-coursing; the Editor instructed me to attend a rabbit-coursing meeting, to record what I saw, and to sum up as judicially as I could the arguments for and against this form of sport.

THE USUAL PATRON.

The proceedings took place in a large field adjacent to a public-house. I think it is fair to say that rabbit-coursing is promoted chiefly by publicans. Still, the sporting publican is often a good chap and a genuine sportsman.

There was a crowd of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty men. I went amongst them; the majority were working-chaps; some of them were obvious brutes and wastrels, street-corner loungers and hooligans, who had never done an honest day's work in their lives, but I certainly could not allege that against the majority of them. For the most part they were genuine working-chaps, rough and boisterous, but I should say by no means bad fellows. They had a certain sporting and manly air about them.

There was a considerable sprinkling of weedy, unhealthy-looking youths whose appearance I did not like at all. There were also some well-set-up, fresh-faced young men. They, however, had the air rather of curious onlookers than of habitués.

The main supporters of rabbit-coursing, as I saw them, were men of the people, men who obviously toiled hard throughout the week and rarely got a breath of fresh air or an hour's relaxation.

UNLOADING THE VICTIMS.

There were many bookmakers and much noise.

I saw the "game" unloaded. They were brought down in long, shallow baskets, packed tight as herrings in a crate. It seemed to me that as a result of this confinement a tortoise could have given them ten yards in a hundred and a beating.

The din increased and the first course began.

The slipper held two speedy hounds in leash; another man picked up a rabbit, and held it all quivering to the slavering jaws of each hound in turn, not so close that they could seize it, but close enough to excite them to frenzy, which, I believe, was the object of this manœuvre. The dogs seemed to enjoy it, but I question whether the rabbit did.

Then the man walked away with the rabbit some fifty or sixty yards, put it down, and the hounds were slipped.

This was a game rabbit. Perhaps he had been less squeezed than the others in the crate, or perhaps he was naturally strong and active beyond the ordinary. Anyway, he made a good bolt for it, but it was a large field, and this was his undoing. Had it been a small field, with a hedge passable to a rabbit but impassable to a dog, he might have saved his fur; as it was, he had no chance.

It was a poor course. One hound was much faster than the other; he raced up and killed the rabbit quickly and mercifully. Except that the rabbit had no chance of escape, I saw nothing to object to—that is, in the actual coursing; of the preliminary exciting of the dogs I prefer not to speak.

The following two or three courses did not call for comment, but at the next the rabbit was so dazed and terrified that it turned round and ran right into the jaws of the hounds. They reached it together; one got it by the neck and the other by the hind-quarters. Neither was inclined to let go, and they pulled and worried until the still-living rabbit came in two.

I stayed on, not because I wanted to, but as a duty; I did not want to judge rabbit-coursing by one solitary and revolting incident. I saw it repeated often enough, however, to realise that it is common in rabbit-coursing.

It is certainly horrible to see a rabbit thus vivisected, but then is it any worse than the breaking up of a fox? I did not see one woman rabbit-coursing, but many high-born ladies go fox-hunting, and witness unmoved, even elated, the fox's death-agony.

THE LAST WORD IN CRUELTY.

Is there anything in rabbit-coursing comparable with the screwing-out of foxes as practised by certain hunts a few years ago? In case you do not know what I mean I may explain that when a fox went to earth it was the practice of these high-bred sportsmen to use a sort of gigantic screw, which was inserted into the earth and into the fox's body, so that he could be hauled out. Mind you, they were ex-public-school boys, country gentlemen, professed sportsmen, who did this sort of thing, compared with which the holding of the rabbit to the hounds' jaws is innocent.

It is true that the rabbit is caught before he is coursed, but is that any more unsportsmanlike than hunting the carted deer, or the "bagman" fox, or shooting hand-reared pheasants?

True again, the rabbit is released under unfair conditions, stiff from confinement, bewildered by strange surroundings, but so is the carted deer or the bagman fox.

NOT A CHANCE.

The rabbit has practically no chance of escape, but is not the tendency in all sport nowadays to make sure of a kill? I have never been able to see where the sport comes in in stopping a fox's earth, or in digging him out when he has gained a hard-won refuge. Yet these things are done by men who are honoured as representing all that is best in British sport.

Rabbit-coursing leads to gambling. Is there no betting at Ascot or Goodwood?

It leads to drinking. Anything will lead to drink the man who wants to go on the booze.

I hold no brief for rabbit-coursing; I was sickened to nausea over my first, and, so far as I am concerned, last, experience of it; but is it any worse than other sports that are magnified and glorified? Does rabbit-coursing do any good? Well, it gets men out in the open air. While there is much that is unsporting about it, it may awaken genuine sporting instincts.

It is not a sport that appeals to the countryman, but it is sport and excitement to the man whose days are spent in mine or factory.

Probably he will tire of looking on and of the ugly features of rabbit-coursing, and long to do something himself.

THE SPORTSMAN POACHER.

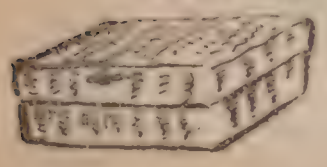
Under the present conditions of the Game Laws to get real sport he will have to turn poacher, but there is often more genuine sport in the poacher's little finger than in the whole carcase of the game-preserver.

Personally, I cannot see any real sport in rabbit-coursing, neither can I in pheasant battue or hunting the carted deer, but out of evil may come good, and I can believe that rabbit-coursing may lead the men of the people to take an interest in genuine sport, such as shooting over dogs, fishing and other sports where the quarry has not only a fair chance, but everything in its favour.

Before there can be a sporting revival, however, we must get rid of the effete lords, the successful tradesmen, and others who monopolise flesh, fur, fin, and feather, and make it impossible for the working-chap to get a day's real sport.

There are sports enough which do not involve slaughter, but there is something in the average Englishman which is a relic of the old lust of the hunter for blood.

PETER GILCHRIST.



THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain over ten thousand potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

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Smoked Plates

AN INTERESTING HOBBY THAT SHOULD APPEAL TO MANY SPORTSMEN.

We shall not be going far wrong in surmising that every man likes pictures, and therefore that every sportsman is partial to sporting pictures, and to pursue the matter still further, that sportsmen like to see them hanging upon the walls of their dens.

The unfortunate fact, however, is that pictures—especially good ones dealing with sport—are so confoundedly expensive. Sporting pictures are, for the most part, executed by one or two well-known artists who specialise in that particular work and who are enabled, accordingly, to demand a prohibitive price even for their least ambitious sketch.

BE YOUR OWN ARTIST.

Why not decorate your rooms with sporting pictures of your own execution?

You can't, you say, for the simple reason that you can't draw. Nonsense. The object of this article is to explain a method by which a man with even the very haziest idea of drawing can both amuse himself in his leisure hours and at the same time lay up a store of ornamental pictures with which he will be pleased to decorate his den. And the cost is insignificant.

We are alluding to "smoked plates."

Some months ago a Colonial artist gave an exhibition of smoked-plate work at a well-known London music-hall; and a famous black-and-white draughtsman, a Territorial, and a prince of good fellows, who will never again, unfortunately, draw another sketch, was an adept at the gentle art of smoking plates.

The accessories required are few: A small oil-lamp (at a pinch, a candle will do, but it is not nearly so good), a small paint-brush (of the kind used for water-colours), and some white plates, such as one can get at any crockery shop for a penny or twopence apiece.

LAYING ON THE SMOKE.

Turn the wick of the lamp so that it smokes as voluminously as possible. Then hold the plate over the smoke, and let it get quite black, and as thickly coated as you like. The plate is now ready for your picture to be executed upon it.

Now the way to produce your effects is not to trace an outline in the smoke, as one might at first suppose, but to rub away the black with a brush, so as to leave a silhouette of the subject required.

Say, as a crude instance, that you wanted to represent a ship sailing over a smooth sea on a mid-light night.

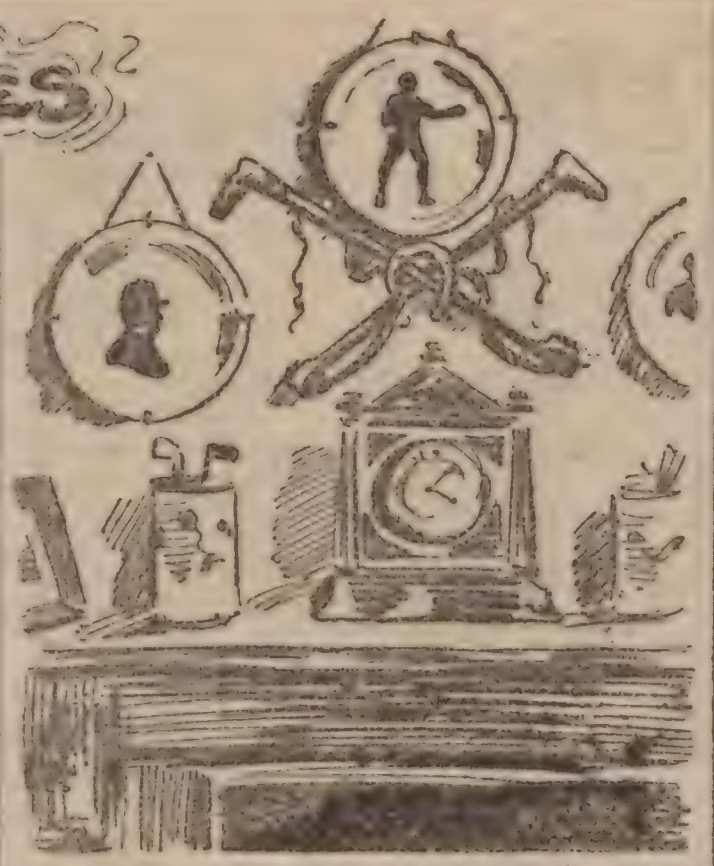
Draw a *very* faint line across the plate, a little lower than the centre, leaving a break where the ship is to be. Then outline your ship by lightly brushing away some of the black all round it, *but not all*, for, of course, the sky must be dark. Then boldly brush out a round, white moon, and on the sea make a shaft of light, gradually broadening from the horizon to the foreground of the picture. Brush some of the smoke-black off the sky, leaving a darker patch here and there for a cloud, and you will have quite a presentable little picture.

INITIAL FAILURES.

Of course, you probably will make a mull of your first few plates; but if you stick to your work, you will gain facility with a rapidity that will surprise you.

The chief difficulty lies in remembering that you are not drawing, but brushing out, as it were; and there is always a tendency at first to introduce drawing methods, which naturally spoil the whole picture. But, of course, the plate is easily rubbed clean for another try.

When your proud work is done, you can, if you care to hang it on your wall, render it ineffaceable. To do this you should get a bottle of fixative, which any artist's colourman will supply for a few



pence, together with a sprinkler, costing about sixpence.

It is a strange-looking object, composed of three tubes, joined at the centre, and radiating at angles of about sixty degrees. One tube points at the picture, the other is placed in the bottle, and the third goes into your mouth. Then you blow your hardest for about half a minute, while a steady spray of fixative perpetuates your work of art. You should leave it an hour or two before hanging up, to allow the fixative to dry.

A NEW PROFESSION FOR MEN.

Have you ever happened to wonder, when watching the bioscope pictures at a music-hall, how much the operators' salaries amounted to? There are generally two operators, one of whom earns about £2 10s. weekly, and the other about 35s.

Bioscope operating is one of the newest and most promising professions for men. Apart from music-halls, there are some 3,000 bioscope theatres in the United Kingdom, so that there is a good demand for capable men.

In the ordinary way, for an outlay of some five pounds, a man can make himself proficient in about six weeks; so that, apparently, smart men who are at present working hard for slender salaries might do worse than give a trial to this novel profession.

A FRIENDLY SPAR.

Very often, if you go to "look up" a friend, or if a friend drops in on you, one of you may suggest, to while away an awkward half-hour, that you should don the gloves for a friendly spar. Now this is a very excellent idea, and one which cannot be too highly encouraged; but there is one very important point which should be carefully borne in mind, especially by the host, on such occasions.

This is, that it should be made quite clear beforehand whether the hits are to be hard, or to be merely "taps." This idea may seem to be strange—perhaps even ridiculous—to the reader; but a little thought will convince him of its commonsense.

Many men are naturally, and probably quite unconsciously, tremendously hard hitters; and if in the course of a friendly spar a man receives a smash in the eye which makes him see more stars than are known to astronomy, it is perhaps excusable if he wonders whether it was done on purpose, in order to "show off" superior strength and skill. He may then be tempted to retaliate in like manner; so that possibly the bout may not end in precisely the same friendly spirit in which it started.

Thus a friend may be lost.

So that it is always advisable to arrange beforehand the degree of power with which the blows shall be delivered.

THE OLD OSTLER.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

He is a queer, wizen-faced little man with a straw in his mouth and thin, crooked legs, one who has lived in company with horses all his long life, and the care of them is writ large on his features.

A link with the past is old Jarge, and there is the hint of the sadness of the "gone for ever" about him, even when he is silent.

He is a dry old stick, but sometimes you can get him to talk.

Quaint ideas he has, too, evolved in the dark recesses of stable or harness-room, and all flavoured with the perfume of his surroundings.

Often he is melancholy, as becomes one who is given to prophesy the passing of the best friend man ever had.

"He's doomed to go," Jarge will remark, with a shake of his grey head. "Them motor things and airships have come to stop, and there ain't no room on this earth for both."

He will make an impressive pause here, and then add: "So's the ostler. A chap wot understands machinery, not horses, is wot's wanted now."

"Jarge, tell us about the past and never mind the future," you urge. And he brightens up a bit.

"Ah! them was the days when the coaches pulled up here! Lots of news we got when they changed horses, and the gentry posted to and fro to town. Then life was worth living!"

Jarge watches a motor rush by with a jaundiced eye.

"Now I don't hear a coach-horn once in a blue moon, and a postillion—lord luve us! nary a one's left.

"Then men could ride, and a fine sight it was to see 'em. Bless you, all the horsemen are dead!

"And hunting was hunting then. Now it's racing with nasty smelling machines as raises a devil of a dust and warms nobody's heart, and the only sport is knocking down folks wot ain't spry enough to get out of the way."

And Jarge gives a grunt a Red Indian couldn't beat.

"Men were men in those days, and that fond of their horses. Many's the golden piece they'd give for taking care of their nags for them. Open-handed they was. Now it's 'Ostler, where's the garage?' Orkard, foreign word like that, instead of renting a comfortable stable to put a choice bit of horseflesh into!

"A man can't get fond of one of these 'ere motors. Or if he do, its a one-sided business—all give and no take."

"Will Jarge have another drink; there is plenty of good liquor left, if nothing else."

"Thank ye, sir. Not as good as it used to be, but passable—passable, sir."

Jarge drains his mug and goes on. "Inns'll go next; there'll be no use for 'em down here; there'll be sort of railway stations up in the sky for them airships, and all the hunting folks'll get will be hunting out safe places to get under or over, out of the way of motors and such like. But I 'ope as I'll be laid nice and comfortable up in the churchyard yonder."

Here Jarge gratefully acknowledges another foaming tankard, and we look out at the white headstones and the yew trees where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The leaves are threading the sombre branches with light green, and the sun is playing on the marble of the simple crosses—a pretty place to go to sleep in with a purling stream encircling the moss-grown walls.

Jarge wipes his mouth.

"I says, be sure and wrap me in my old stable jacket so that when I have to get up on Resurrection morning I sha'n't be mistook for one of them chaffers."

I think in our hearts we can say "Amen" to Jarge's prayer, though we may smile at its wording.

"Thanky, sir! That's a nice hoss you've got. Glad you stick to the hosses, sir, same as me. Thank ye, sir."

F. R. GEORGE.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE MAN WHO SAW

By R. D. CROMBIE.

John Brereton, C.E., walked down the quiet road in South Kensington, where the Meynells resided, one dusk of early spring.

He was a man of thirty-two, brisk, erect, very English-looking despite the tropical bronze on his clean-cut face.

Beneath his light overcoat he was in evening dress, but, like most men of action, he disdained to take a cab where walking would serve.

He had been back in England a week.

Three years before, he had accepted a Government appointment to superintend the building of a suspension bridge in Assam. Three years before, Margaret Meynell had promised to marry him on his return. He had found her waiting for him on the landing-stage.

Neither was given to demonstration of emotion. A conventional hand-shake was the greeting, but he had looked into her eyes and had been satisfied. They had met every day since.

Now he was on his way to see her. They were to dine together and alone, and afterwards go to the theatre. Fortunately the other members of the family would be out.

She was expecting him at six o'clock. The time was now five fifty-eight; he would arrive punctually as usual.

A maid answered the door, and preceded him forthwith to the drawing-room.

Margaret, after all, was not alone. A slim and dark youngish man was with her; he had never seen him before. Both rose as he entered.

"You're early," said Margaret, with a glance at the clock.

"Your clock," said Brereton, drawing out his watch, "is a quarter of an hour slow."

"Is it? I didn't know. This is Mr. Montagu. Mr. Montagu, my fiancé, Mr. Brereton."

The men shook hands.

The maid had departed on ushering Brereton in. Brereton went out into the hall to hang up his coat and hat.

He was removing his silk muffler from his neck when he suddenly became rigid.

The hall-stand, which was against the wall opposite the drawing-room door, and but a few feet to the right of it, had a mirror for a centre panel.

Through this mirror Brereton caught a side view of Margaret—a slender, graceful figure in a pale pink evening gown, with her hands behind her back, facing Montagu. At that moment Montagu stepped close up to her; she bent back her head a little, and they kissed.

Brereton saw the passionate, almost violent jerk with which the man's kiss ended.

For one awful instant his sanity reeled. The thing was too incredible, too devastating in its possibilities, to be believed.

So might a man pause and gasp at seeing the solid earth yawn abysmal at his feet.

Very slowly he removed his coat, blood singing in his ears, all the forces of self-control of which his nature was capable at grapples with the wild elemental fury which sprang rioting within him.

He walked stiffly back into the drawing-room, his finger nails pressing into his palms.

Margaret was standing with a foot on the fender, one hand on the mantelpiece, looking into the fire. Montagu was gazing about as if seeking something.

"I'll be off now," he was saying. "Where's my hat? I was just going when you came," he added to Brereton.

His voice was thick with feeling, and he seemed dazed.

Brereton closed the door very carefully and quietly, and stood with his back to it.

"You kissed her," he said. "You kissed her! By God, you kissed the woman I love—and she let you!"

Margaret wheeled like a flash. He was shaking; his face was white and terrible, like steel heated in a furnace.

A profound silence fell.

Brereton had eyes only for Margaret, who placed her hand involuntarily on her heart and watched him transfixed.

"You!" said Brereton. "*You!*"

And he turned away from her, groping blindly for the handle of the door.

"Stop!"

The tone was sharp, imperative. Margaret had taken an abrupt step forward.

"You mustn't go. This is dreadful. I didn't know you could see. I——"

Brereton interrupted with a laugh.

"You didn't know I could see!"

Margaret shrank from the laugh as though it had been a blow.

"Brereton, you don't understand," Montagu broke in agitatedly.

"Be quiet!" said Brereton, without even looking at him. A cold strength had now taken possession of him.

"No, madam," he continued, with ironical courtesy, "I don't expect you did. I accept your assurance of that at any rate. Is there anything else you wish to say before I go?"

Margaret did not stir. The colour had gone from her face and lips.

He waited for her answer, master of himself now, regarding her without expression.

Her lips moved.

"No," she whispered.

She began to draw a ring slowly from the third finger of her left hand.

A chill shudder passed through Brereton.

"You'd better take this," she said almost inaudibly, and the ring tinkled on the little fancy table in front of her.

Brereton moistened his lips. He moved towards the table and put out his hand.

All at once the gentleman in him gave way to the wounded animal.

"My God! that you should have done it!" he cried brokenly. "That you should even be unable to restrain yourselves when I am here! To wait till my back is turned and then kiss surreptitiously! Oh, it isn't you! It isn't the you I've lived with every minute of the last three years. Meanness, deception, guilt, had no part with her. She knew nothing of dishonour. The shame of it! The humiliation. And all the time you wrote as though you were just the same. Then the past week! Why should you meet me and go on deluding me if you cared for someone else? I would have released you! I would have been glad so long as you were happy, if only you had been *straight*."

A gust of bitterness shook him.

"That clock! A quarter of an hour slow! Had it been right, this—this man would have been gone and I should never have known anything about it. Can't you explain," he said fiercely. "Can't you tell me *why?*"

She had heard him out in silence. Now her head was thrown back a little, and there was defiance in her eyes.

"Yes," she said. "I could, and I would, had you not judged me first. Without a word of explanation from me you have believed me faithless to you. Very well. The matter can end there."

"But I *saw* you," he cried. "What explanation can there be?"

He turned swiftly on Montagu.

"She kissed you, didn't she?"

"I asked her to."

"You love her?"

"She is my dearest friend."

"Do you *love* her?"

"Yes," admitted Montagu. "I love her with all my heart. Listen a moment——"

But Brereton cut him short.

"No, that's enough." He laughed bitterly. "I'm *de trop*," he said. "I'll quit."

"I tell you she doesn't love me," protested Montagu. "It's you she loves."

Margaret interrupted, and her cheeks were flushed with anger.

Brereton's anger seemed to melt away before her majestic wrath. He felt bewildered and a trifle foolish. Only one thing he knew—that he loved this woman in spite of what he had seen.

Margaret turned to the stranger.

"Mr. Montagu," she said distinctly, "over a year ago you asked me to marry you, and I refused. Well, I have changed my mind."

"What shamelessness is this!" cried Brereton, out of his depth entirely.

Montagu started.

"Margaret!" he said, and there was a wonderful glow on his face.

"I mean it."

"You mean you will—marry—*me*—and not Brereton?"

For one fleeting moment her glance travelled from one man to the other, comparing them.

Montagu *saw*.

The light faded from his face, and fairly he shook his head, smiling pluckily the while.

"I do," she repeated, with rising temper.

"You don't," he contradicted bluntly. "You belong to Brereton; and, what's more, he's going to have you.

"Brereton," he went on, addressing him earnestly, "I'm to blame. Let me tell you about it. She won't, because you've hurt her too much. I'm fond of her. I won't deny it. I'm fonder of her than anybody in the world. I've got nobody else, and whenever we've met—it hasn't been often, I've tried to make her love me. What man wouldn't. But, somehow, I always knew there was something of hers that wasn't to be competed for. She had given it to you, do you see?

"Well, I tried my luck, and got refused. I'm still, because I—I wanted her pretty badly, understand, I hung on, knowing all the time it was hopeless.

"Then, when I knew you were coming, I—I felt rather broken up, and I was weak enough to make her promise to give me one kiss just to give me a bit of pluck for the future.

"That is all. You came to-night before I was gone. I was never coming again. I don't believe, except for that, any man's lips have touched hers since you went away—and God knows I haven't been greedy."

He finished with rather wan cheerfulness, and abruptly Brereton knew that what he had said was all the truth.

All at once Margaret ran to him, placed her arm on his shoulder, and turned to Brereton with a shaky smile.

"I'm going to kiss him again," she said. "Shall I?"

"Yes, my dear," said Brereton, ashamed. "He's a better man than I am."

BOUND TO THE SOIL

He loves his bonds who, when the first are broke,
Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

—Herrick.

The village awoke quietly, stretched itself, and set about its usual work just as it had done for countries past. Smoke rose in blue-grey pillars from many a whitewashed cottage. The clank of milk-pails; the jingle of harness; the soft "crock, crock, crock" of farm carts being driven out of the yards over the rough stones; the abounding joy of noisy dogs, released from their night chains; and the growing clatter of children's voices betokened once more the commencement of the day's labour.

As the sun rose over the edge of the sweeping down and gilded the weather-stained figures on the clock in the church tower, the rusty machinery within ground out six o'clock, and almost to the minute a horse and cart came rumbling down the valley road.

SOMETHING WRONG.

Contrary to custom, the carter was silent. Usually his cheery morning song could be heard somewhere or other about the surrounding lanes and lands, but this morning he had other things to think of.

He had of late felt restless in the little village. There was no room for a fling and a little excitement. His blood was sometimes hot, and he knew that the least divergence from a stolid path of dumb monotony and negative morality would probably land him into difficulties with the master. He had thought, therefore, of quitting the village, as so many more of his pals had done, and finding work where he could also find a little leisure to look round him and enjoy life.

He sat, bent forward, on the front of the cart, his eyes looking hard before him, though at nothing in the landscape, for he knew it too well.

The sun rose higher and waxed warmer every few minutes, and though the carter thought and thought again he could not be insensible to the splendid sensations which the growing heat conveyed.

THE JOY OF LIFE.

They seemed to force themselves this morning upon his notice, and he was soon dimly conscious that he was not to be allowed, that day at any-rate, to remain fixed in his determination to move away to the town.

The nearer he got to the actual carrying out of his project, the harder it seemed to think of the arguments in its favour, and the more readily there came to his mind reasons against the step. There was a new element telling against it—this sudden realisation that everything he saw, animate and inanimate, had wound chains of association round him and clogged the wheels of his previous determination—was something with which he had not so far struggled.

Already he felt a weakening in the desire he had felt in the darkness of the early morning to put his plan into immediate execution. If he could only be blind to the sights of the place!

Each field, each tree, every sweeping patch of brown ploughland, now ribbed with green rows of autumn-sown corn, caught his eyes and held him.

UNREALISED ATTRACTIONS.

Never, until he was on the eve of quitting the place, did he so much as suspect that there were any features in its appearance that could interest any one, let alone shake the very vitals out of his overnight decision.

The day passed on like hundreds of other early spring days, in a bounding, palpitating joyousness, and the carter, now round the bend of the old down, and out of sight of the village, drew a breath of satisfaction that its spell was somewhat relaxed.

But scarcely had he left the high road and driven down the old track into the open fields than another and, he thought, a still stronger link was being forged in the chain that was becoming too strong for him to force or break.

Now and again he abandoned his carting labour, straightened his back, and looked round the circle of his horizon. The astounding serenity and peace could not fail to affect his alert and agitated mind.

He held still to his determination to quit village life and work, but he would never do so until this second giant in the way had been met and squarely conquered.

THE SECOND OBSTACLE.

The familiar sights of his native land had first barred his wandering steps. He had escaped this obstacle, though, did he but know it, he had not conquered it. Now he was face to face with another. The fields, shimmering in the year's first suggestion of warmth, spread around in every direction.

There was a new light in the trees, and as he stood in uncertainty, his thoughts leapt forward a season and pictured the full tide of summer.

He was glad when the evening came on, and the fields no longer held him fascinated. He turned his horse's head towards home, thankful to escape this second cause of hesitation.

It needed but a little influence to convince him of the folly of his plan. Yet he clung to it doggedly in spite of unfavourable influences. The evening was upon the land. Rumbling easily homeward the cart was long in reaching the bend where the village came into view. At this point he closed his eyes, sure that his horse knew the road home as well as he.

THE SCENTS OF HOME.

But he had not reckoned with yet another sense. As he began to dip towards the valley where the village lay, the scent of burning wood, such a scent as only a village possesses, reached him. It brought an infinite sense of rest, and satisfaction, and homeliness to his worried mind and tired body.

Never before had it appeared to him in this way, and now his determination weakened. The delicate perfume of the hay filled part of the road, where a night's feed for the horses had been cut from the heart of a stack in a roadside farmstead. He drew it in with relish.

The chill of night set the very dunghills steaming, and there was something even in their emanations that spoke of the mystery of the land, and the glorious fact of growth and harvest.

And then again he caught sight of the curling smoke and heard the hour striking in the old grey tower and the clank of pails, and voices echoing up and down the village, and all the little world was making fast against the darkness.

That night he lay contentedly. The last remnants of the desire to wander had been torn from his heart. He was bound to the soil and was a child upon its throbbing breast.

C. Easton-Grey.

THE CHARMS OF BASEBALL.

A GAME THAT DESERVES GREATER POPULARITY.

Although baseball has made great strides in popular favour within the last year or two, thanks to the support given it by London professional football clubs, it has not yet really caught on in this country.

This is surprising, for baseball has great merits both as a spectacle and as a game. Possibly, we are prejudiced against it as an American game. If so, the prejudice is more stupid and ill-founded than most prejudices, for the old English game of rounders was the father of baseball, and it was an Englishman, Harry Wright, who did most to popularise baseball in America.

As a spectacle, baseball has many of the best points of football. It is short, an average game lasting about two hours; a decisive result is almost always arrived at, the rule being that if after the regulation nine innings a-side the scores are equal, further innings shall be played until one side wins, unless it is impossible to continue through darkness, rain, or other good cause.

Then there is something doing all the time, and, unlike cricket, the spectator is bound to see his side batting, as the nine innings apiece are taken alternately. An innings, I may explain, lasts until three men have been put out. Teams are nine a-side, and the men play in rotation throughout. Thus No. 4 would start the second innings, and No. 7 the third innings of his side.

The game calls for great pluck, dexterity, and agility, qualities which should certainly recommend themselves to a British crowd.

I know it is objected that baseball is a complicated game, but it is really not a bit more complicated than cricket or football.

I am, however, more concerned with baseball as a game to be played than one to be looked on at. For the present I will avoid technical details, and try merely to interest you in the playing charms of a very fine summer game.

Some of these have already been hinted at, for one of the greatest charms of baseball is that you are bound to get a knock.

Even the most enthusiastic of cricketers is apt to feel disgusted when he has to field all day and sees the match over before he has had a chance of batting. The baseball player runs no such risk, and ordinarily he will have three knocks.

Batting is certainly as difficult as at cricket, for, remember, the pitcher is allowed to throw the ball as hard as ever he can from a distance of, roughly, twenty yards. Certainly he must deliver it full pitch and between certain marks, but it is not easy to hit even a full pitch when delivered with lightning velocity, especially when the pitcher makes the ball not only swerve, but twist in and out in the air, as the expert pitcher can.

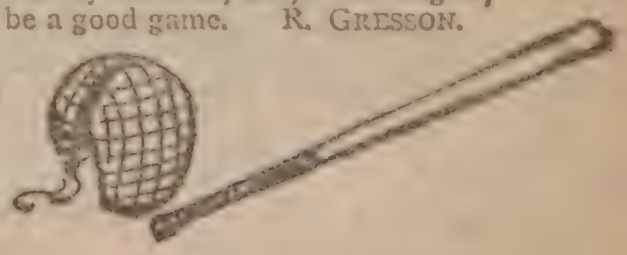
The catcher, protected with mask, etc., though he is, has a dangerous position, and it would take even a Lilley or a Strudwick all his time to deal with the balls sent to the baseball catcher.

Baseball calls for fast and clever running. There are few prettier sights in the sporting world than the way the baseball player, hard pressed in making a run, will reach his base (one of the three canvas bags placed on the ground to mark the three corners of the diamond-shaped field of play) and safety by hurling himself at it head first, arm outstretched, or sliding to it feet foremost.

Then as regards the pitcher, there is as much scope for strategy, guile, and head work as in bowling at cricket, while I should have mentioned that the batsman has many opportunities for showing his skill in placing and timing the ball.

The running of bases calls for great judgment, and, in general terms, baseball is a brainy game. But it is, above all, a manly game. Hard knocks are easily come by, while the pace is such that only a well-trained athlete can successfully last through a game.

Nerve, quickness of hand and eye, judgment, fleetness of foot, and great agility, these are the qualities called for by baseball, and, that being so, surely it must be a good game. R. Gresson.



OUT FOR PLOVERS' EGGS.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

You need not be a dealer in order to go out plover-egg hunting, and indeed the less mercenary you are in your quest the more you are likely to enjoy the search. For it takes you out upon the highest and loneliest land round about your dwelling place and brings you into contact with scenes, wild and beautiful, that at ordinary times you would seldom witness.

Mounting up and up from the village level, I face the great bare down with a stout heart, for plovers live in spring and summer-time well away from their lower haunts nearer to mankind.

The hill rises sharply, the road becomes a track, the larch plantations grow thinner, and signs of spring grow fewer as I at last step out on the level of the high down, panting with the exertion of the rise, and keen to get far out on the brown, bare uplands.

The first sensation that comes upon me, as I realise that I am up, is one of strange isolation from the every-day life in the valley below. A haze of smoke hangs over the houses even in this little country town, but up here not a sound of a cart on the cobbles of the market-place or a cry from a hundred school children let loose after morning school comes up to me. The hill lifts a man far above his kind in many ways and isolates him almost cruelly.

But thoughts like these are fleeting when the business is—plovers' eggs. I tramp on and on, beginning to wonder where the birds have gone. Far ahead there is no sign of the wheeling, ragged, wild flight of the birds, circling, diving, turning, and swooping as if determined to dash themselves against the earth in wild despair.

Not until I reach a wide, level tract of downland, once brought beneath the plough, though many years ago, do I hear the familiar cry of the angry and frightened birds, and then it comes upon the wind with a wailing, half-sorrowful, and half-angry tone.

Up here the wind is always blowing, and as it scuds along over the pale brown surface of the earth, strewn with stones and the rough grass and stems of neglected fallow, it makes a bleak and shivery whistle that attunes well with the wild cry.

From behind me, out of nowhere, and close, as it seems, to my ears, comes a sudden shriek, a long-drawn piercing "pee—wit, pee—wit," and I turn just in time to meet the swooping bird as it swishes past me within a foot, with a feathery rush of air and a defiant flapping of its wings. Such intruders are unwelcome in these solitudes, while birds are breeding.

Recovered from the momentary startling effect of the attack, I walk forward again. Away in the distance, warned by its own keen senses, a hare lopes easily but cautiously away towards cover; no man has any chance of coming to close quarters with the wild creatures up here.

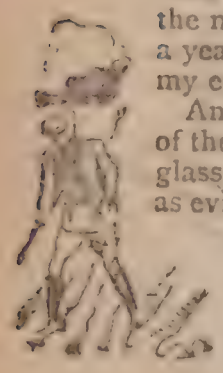
And now the air seems thronged with a multitude of birds, sprung from nowhere, right out of the waste, where, but a minute or two before, only one solitary plover had led the attack. His cries had warned the rest, and from earth and sky they had gathered about me to circle and scold and drive me away from their nests if possible.

I knew by their attentions that I was on egg-bearing ground, and kept a keener watch as I walked. But plovers' eggs are hard to find on the year's first hunt, for then the eye is least trained to spot them as they lie in clutches, up to four in number, in the bare hollows of the ground, looking for all the world like any rough, dark stones among the coarse and tufted grass and earth.

Still, I gather a few from their chilly hard nests. And when the eye has regained its cunning, and the nests are easily found, I feel contented that a year's absence from the down has not spoiled my eye for the wild things.

And I stop the search and draw deep breaths of the high cold air, and sweep the horizon with a glass, and then return with a few good specimens as evidence of my success.

M. Bruce.



MY NOTEBOOK.

CRUELTY IN SPORT. In another part of this paper a contributor deals with rabbit-coursing, and I fully agree with him in the conclusion to which he comes—namely, that, though rabbit-coursing is undoubtedly cruel, it is not more so than many other sports.

I cannot see any excuse for cruelty in connection with sport. I am afraid that the sportsman's definition of cruelty must necessarily be a hazy one, for his view depends upon how he feels at the moment.

For my own part I think I may claim to be extremely fond of animals, and also to be kind to them, and yet I have whacked a horse in a manner that old ladies would describe as unmerciful when my temper, as well as the horse's, has been up.

The whole question of cruelty in sport depends to a very large extent upon how you look at it. I know very well that sometimes a horse requires a whacking, and I should not have the slightest compunction in administering that whacking if I were on the horse's back at the moment when he needed it, and yet I could not look on while someone else was whacking him without feeling that the punishment was excessive.

This, I think, shows that we should allow something for the sportsman's immediate point of view.

AT ERIDGE. I had, during the week-end from which I have just returned, an experience which was very far from pleasant, but which I may as well relate, as it bears upon the subject I am discussing.

It happened at the Eridge Hunt Steeplechases. I was taking a brief country holiday not very far away, and the friend with whom I was staying took me over to Eridge to witness this meeting.

We watched the first few races at the water jump, and then he suggested that we should go up the hill to the open ditch and timber jump, which was reputed to be the most dangerous on the course. We had scarcely got there when the horses in the fifth race came round the bend. We watched them without very much interest topping a distant jump of brush hurdles, but I wondered how they would take the jump beside which we were stationed.

Certainly it was a jump which I myself should have been very loath to tackle. First came an open ditch and then a high hedge. This jump in itself was not unreasonable, for it was such as you might come across in any average hunting country, but at the take-off side of the ditch had been placed a baulk of timber which, if a horse placed its forefeet upon it, would certainly spell collapse as he rose to the hedge above.

AN ACCIDENT. There were thirteen horses entered for this race, but only five or six ran. As the last couple came over neck and neck one horse pecked badly, sent his jockey spinning in front of him, and then turned a somersault. The jockey lay flat on the turf and did not move.

I am afraid that in moments like these I am rather selfish. I did not at the moment think what my friend might want to do, but I jammed my stick into his hand and asked him to hold it for me while I ran to the jockey's assistance. I reached him at the same time as a couple of policemen and a couple of ambulance men, and, knowing that they understood more of first-aid than I did, I stood back. The jockey lay for about a minute perfectly still. Then he sat up, and finally he got on his feet.

"Who'll carry my saddle back?" he said. "I'm riding in the next race."

"That's all right, that's all right," an inspector of police assured him soothingly. "Don't you worry."

He supposed that the jockey's mind was wandering, and that he was absolutely incapable of riding again. He little knew his man.

"Are you hurt?" asked a sympathetic spectator.

"No," replied the jockey; "but I thought I'd broken my ——— neck."

There was something terrible in hearing blasphemy from the lips of a man who had been so near to death.

The horse was lying perfectly still, and [illegible] one unbuckled the girths and took the saddle off.

"Don't forget the two weight-cloths," said the jockey, and, followed by a man carrying the saddle and the cloths in question, he ran across the wooden bridge which spanned the dry ditch that had spelt disaster for his mount, and made his way with all haste towards the paddock, in order that he should be ready for the next race.

Not once did he look towards the horse that he had been riding, and never within my hearing did he make any inquiry as to the extent of its injury.

THE FALLEN HORSE. The horse had fallen directly in the course, and only a few yards on this side of the hurdle. Various grooms, doubtless connected with the stable to which she belonged, bent her fetlocks in order to ascertain whether any bones were broken. Obviously there was no fracture so far as her legs were concerned, and they tried to get her up. It did not require much persuasion to raise her upon her forelegs, and the straightness of them as they supported her head and shoulders proved their soundness. But that appeared to be the limit of her ability.

With much shouting the grooms tried to get her on all fours. She did her best, but her best only amounted to raising her hind-quarters just so far as to fall over on the other side.

She lay panting on the turf, her flanks heaving spasmodically and every inch of her skin sweating, till it looked more like that of a porpoise newly emerged from the sea than the hide of a horse.

An old man with a clean-shaven face, presumably the head man at the stable which owned her, was holding the reins of the bridle which was now her only furniture.

"Poor old girl," he said, "poor old girl."

Her head was raised a little from the ground, and it was not difficult for him to kneel down and kiss her nose. As he did so, she blinked an eyelid.

HER OWNER. Presently her owner, an old-young man in a loud check suit, arrived on the scene. He blew his nose with a red handkerchief with large pictures of bulldogs in each corner, he tilted a light brown hat backwards upon his head, and asked someone to push a pin in her hindquarters to see whether she had any feeling in them. The pin was duly inserted, and the horse did not wince. The conclusion was fairly obvious.

The loud check suit, with the owner inside it, vanished down the field towards the paddock, and a quiet, yellow-bearded vet., whose eyes held kindness as well as understanding, took charge of the accident.

The great thing was to get the course clear before the next race should start. You must remember that this was a small country meeting, and down at the winning-post they had no idea of the tragedy that was being enacted at the open ditch and timber jump. We could hear the bell go, and we knew that the horses for the next race were off. The inspector dispatched a couple of policemen up the course to wave red flags and prevent the horror of half a dozen horses coming crashing on top of the fallen mare. They were just in time, for as they reached the next hurdle we could see the horses and their jockeys rounding the bend.

Somehow or another the fallen mare had to be got off the course. Someone brought up a hurdle of the flimsiest description, and someone else brought a rope. They pushed the hurdle close against her back, and hitched the ends of the rope round her underneath legs.

"Just two or three on board now," said the vet.

and a moment later the mare was pulled round upon her back and over on to her other side, so that she rested upon the hurdle. Then the ropes were secured to her in a different manner, and she was dragged off the grass of the course on to the ploughed part of the field.

A TRAGEDY. Meanwhile someone had fetched the vet.'s bag, and he produced from it a small black instrument that looked not unlike a section of a telescope.

"She's going to be plugged," said someone beside me, and the remark was typical of the feeling of the crowd. They seemed to have no sympathy with the animal that had been sacrificed to the trivial amusement of men. I knew very well what the vet. was going to do, and I made my way to the rear of the crowd so that I should be an actual witness.

[illegible] cleared away the people at one side. "The bullet will come this way," I heard them [illegible]. A moment later and I heard a slight report, a faint crunch, and then a bubbling as the blood-vessels gave way.

The mare with the injured back was at rest at last.

A SECOND DISASTER. Hardly had she been shot when the runners of the next race hove in sight once more. There were four of them. The first two cleared the jump without trouble. The third fell badly and threw its jockey. The fourth came on and fortunately avoided the man and the horse who had fallen.

The thrown jockey was the same man who had been thrown before, and whose last mount was now lying dead at the side of the track. Whether he had been born unlucky or whether his nerve had been shaken owing to his previous accident, I do not know. This time he had been more fortunate, for he picked himself up in a moment, and so did his horse.

"Here we are again!" he shouted to the [illegible], and, mounting with the assistance of a [illegible], he rode away after his competitors, who were now disappearing towards the winning-post.

I have done my best to give you some idea of what actually happened at this little country hunt [illegible]. I wish you had been there with me, for there was a good deal to observe and learn.

What struck me most was the brutality of the [illegible] in never so much as asking what had happened to his mount. His whole interest seemed to be in securing his saddle and weight-cloth in order that he might ride in the next race.

And yet there was his undoubted pluck. He was certainly stunned for a moment by his fall, and it was plucky of him to think only of the next race in which he had promised to ride. Again, there was his pluck in taking his second fall in the manner in which he did.

WHY HAVE SUCH JUMPS? The thing that impressed me most, however, was the iniquitous cruelty of such jumps as that which caused this disaster.

It would be just as good sport if the competitors rode at hurdles which were movable, and the knocking down of which would mean disqualification.

Why should hurdles be made rigid in steeplechases, and why should the open ditch be bordered with a plank of wood that trips horses?

I do not think that any real horse-lover can possibly find pleasure in seeing a horse take a dangerous jump; but he may certainly find pleasure in observing it take a high one or a wide one. The dangerous jump appeals to the non-racing public, and it seems a terrible thing to say, particularly of the women in that public. In the existence of such jumps we have evidence of the cruelty of sport, and it does not seem to be so much the fault of the sportsman as the fault of the public at large, as it is for their delectation that such things are provided.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

NO USE.

The benevolent person with the usual silk hat, out-of-date frock-coat, black gloves and shoes and white socks, called at the training stables and asked to see the master of the 'ouse.

The latter appeared in due course.

"Yes?" he said.

"I am getting up a little raffle," said the benevolent person, "for a poor man who has just come out of hospital, and who cannot walk, and who——"

"It's awfully kind of you," said the master of the 'ouse, "but I wouldn't know what to do with your friend if I won him. I won't be taking a ticket. Thanks all the same."

And he departed to make his exit by the back-door to watch his string of charges being led out for exercise.

ORDERS IS ORDERS.

The Territorial sentry was doing what he conceived to be his duty, while he listened to his friends playing cards in a neighbouring tent.

Presently there emerged from the darkness a cloaked figure.

"Halt!" cried the sentry, trembling like a leaf, for he was deeply bitten with the invasion scare. "Who goes there?"

"Ass," said the figure, who happened to be the Colonel.

"Advance, ass," said the sentry between his chattering teeth, "and give the countersign."

SHE AND HE.

She prodded him in the ribs with her elbow.

"My dear," she said, "there are burglars in the house! I can hear them downstairs."

He settled his head once more cosily upon the pillow, and recommenced to go to sleep. Again a sharp elbow woke him up.

"Coward!" she cried. "Are you afraid to protect a defenceless woman?"

"Don't talk rot," he replied. "There's nothing in the house worth stealing. Let the burglars find out their mistake for themselves."

And once more he returned to the land of dreams.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

"Now," said the philosopher, who was perched high upon a wobbly bucket upturned, "now take the life of your neighbour, and——"

"What did you say?" asked a man in the crowd.

"What I have said, I have said," replied the philosopher, quoting a great authority. "I want the earth. On this particular occasion my remark was 'take the life of your neighbour, and——'"

"I would do it in a moment," replied the little man, "for he's learning to play the violin, but unfortunately he's learning boxing at the same time."

DOG MATTERS.

SHEEP-DOGS AND SHOWING.

America is asking for an increased supply from these shores of Old English sheep-dogs. The newspaper men over there are booming the breed, and the monied classes are becoming interested.

Then, on the other hand, the practical mind of the American farmer is also turning towards the breed.

There is no breed in the world like this English variety of sheep-dog for doing practical work.

The professionally trained dog has learned all about "holding wide," "coming in," and "coming in behind." He understands also what it is to "come to heel," to "lie down," to "get over the dyke," to "be quiet," to "bark," and to "cut out" wethers from among the ewes on a distant hill-side and take them to an appointed place.

Very often a well-trained sheep-dog is as good as a mother to lambs, for he will lead and direct them with as much care as he shows in playing with his puppies.

Such dogs are an absolute necessity to the farmer with large flocks of sheep, and he takes good care that a good-looking and useful bitch is kept on the premises. The offspring of such dogs means money to the lucky owner.

A deal of concern, chiefly among the show-promoting fraternity, has been aroused owing to the decision of the Kennel Club not to allow classes to be cancelled which have failed to fill. They say that their business as speculating promoters has suddenly ceased.

But, on the other hand, the exhibitor is now assured that he is not entering his dogs merely on the off-chance of acceptance.

The bigger shows will not be affected by this new ruling, neither will those which are made to pay their way. No one wants the private individual who promotes shows and keeps in his prize-list the classes which pay him, while he returns the fees submitted for those wherein the entries do not cover his outlay.

The unambitious exhibitor with one or two good dogs has to be considered just as much as the preferential show-follower. If the amateur constantly receives back his fees for the open classes (which never fill as well as do the limit sections), then what is the good of owning a really first-class, dog? It is putting a premium upon mediocrities.

BERNARD G. BROWN.

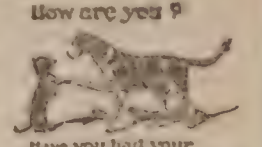
YOUR DOGS WILL COST YOU LESS
when fed regularly on
MOLASSINE DOG CAKES

A well-known gentleman writes: "For seven or eight months past I have used your Dog Cakes for my sporting dogs, and have found the dogs healthier and in better order than with any other cakes I have used, and, as compared with other makes of Dog Cakes, I find two-thirds the quantity give better results, so that they cost me less in use."

MOLASSINE DOG & PUPPY CAKES, HOUND FOOD, TERRIER FOOD, & PUPPY MEAL

ARE DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS, being HEALTH-GIVING, HEALTH-RESTORING, WORM-ERADICATING, preventing unpleasant odours, besides having A MARVELLOUS EFFECT ON THE COATS.

MOLASSINE POULTRY MEAL makes hens lay.



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KNOWING HOW YOU ARE MADE.

It is most essential for the man who is to make any great advance in physical culture that he should have some knowledge of anatomy, and that he should have at least a rough idea not only of the position of the bones of the body, but of the muscles and the principal internal organs.

A very useful possession for the culturist is a good anatomical chart, which shows the muscles of the body with their names.

The average man knows perhaps the biceps and the triceps by name, and is content with that. The important muscles of the back, side, and abdomen, and those of the leg, are none of them known by their names.

On this page I have carefully avoided referring to the long names of the muscles, such as "trapezius," "gastrocnemius," "vastus externus," and so on, for I know that many of my readers are beginners, and it is my aim and object to interest all, and not only a few specialists.

But some little study of anatomy will prove extremely profitable, as well as interesting, for it will help one to realise the why and the wherefore, and to understand the precise benefit that is to be derived from the various movements and exercises, as well as to deal with sprains and similar minor accidents.

FOR THE ARMS AND CHEST.

This exercise is an extremely simple one, and therefore to be recommended to all those who are still more or less beginners at physical culture.

Stand erect with the heels together and head up. Clench the fists and place them together on the chest so that the knuckles touch.

Throughout the exercise the elbows must be kept as nearly as possible in line with the shoulders.

A cure for round shoulders.

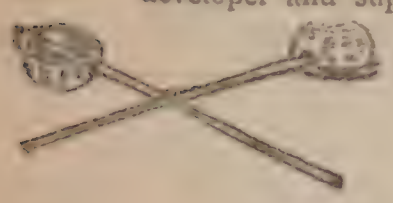
Now tense all the arm muscles and draw the fists slowly apart until the chest is fully expanded and the hands are above the arm-pits. Continue the movement by unbending the elbows and bringing the forearms slowly round in front until eventually the arms are straightened and extended in the position here depicted.

Finally exhale and take a deep breath, and then bring the arms slowly round again to the starting position relax the muscles and repeat the movements.

It is most important that the arm muscles should be strongly tensed from the time that the fists leave the chest until the time when they are returned to it, and the mind must be concentrated on the work in hand, for it stands to reason that so simple a movement casually and perfunctorily performed, will not be of the slightest value.

The wrists should not be straightened until the whole of the rest of the arms is extended.

If properly practised some dozen times a day, this exercise will prove an extremely useful developer and suppler for the wrists, forearms, biceps, and especially the shoulders.



A LEG DEVELOPER.

An exercise which can only be achieved by the exertion of a good deal of muscle and of will-power is the following.

Lie at full length on your bed or on the floor, with your hands clasped under the back of your head.

Then, keeping the feet together, raise the legs slowly to the perpendicular, by means of the muscles of the abdomen.

Or, if it is desired to exercise the legs only, they may be raised in the easiest manner possible, and the starting position considered to be that with the feet in the air.

To be practised slowly and steadily.

Then separate the legs gradually, keeping them quite stiff and always moving in the same plane. Open them like a pair of scissors as far as possible, and then bring them together again firmly and slowly.

Breathe regularly while you are performing these movements, exhaling as the legs are separated and inhaling as you bring them together again.

The exercise will principally affect the development of the thighs, the strain on which will be considerable.

THE EMERGENCY BATH.

There are times when a man has been indulging in vigorous exercise, and when on returning to change his clothes he finds that he has not the energy or the time to take a proper bath.

But in such circumstances it is very foolish to hurry the clothes on anyhow and leave the skin unwashed.

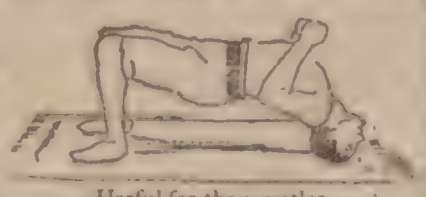
A sponge down even with the corner of a towel dipped in water is far better than nothing, and it gives an excuse for a rub down that will restore the circulation and keep the pores open.

Do not attempt to rub yourself down without first moistening the skin, so as to remove the sweat. Otherwise the results, besides being painful, will be actually injurious to the pores of the skin.

FOR THE NECK AND TRUNK.

The exercise of which the second position is here depicted is one that can be looked upon as something of a feat when you can perform it successfully and without any undue exertion, it is not intended for the beginner but for the more or less advanced student of physical culture.

It is advisable to have something soft under the head when practising it, or the contact of the head with the hard floor may prove painful. A thick rug or a cushion will meet the case.



Useful for the wrestler.

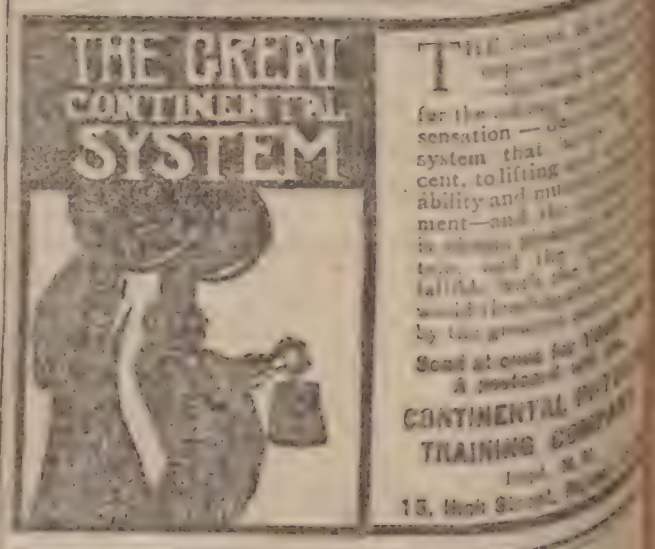
Lie flat on the back and draw the legs up so that from the knee downwards they are perpendicular. Throw the head well back so that the chin is as high in the air as possible.

The arms should be bent at right angles at the elbow, so that the forearms are perpendicular. Now, with a single sharp movement, raise the body to the position shown in the sketch, so that the body forms a bridge, of which the weight rests entirely on the head and feet.

The position is called the "bridge position" in wrestling, and it is a splendid exercise for the muscles of the back and neck.

Be careful not to strain yourself by attempting to do this exercise too violently at first.

If you are not sure of yourself, place some cushions or cushions under your body so that you are almost in the position depicted; then raise yourself until your weight rests on the head and feet.



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WHAT I SAY!

THOMAS INCH.

I CLAIM that **ALL** well-known strong men, such as Saxon, Sandow, Hackenschmidt, etc., have trained on similar lines to those laid down in my ADVANCED COURSE. **I ASSERT** that the information and system of training has been SUPPRESSED; also, that the "light exercise" theory, put forward by our best known men, and recommendations of *patent developers, etc.*, may be traced in each instance to FINANCIAL CONSIDERATIONS. Sandow, for instance, did not obtain his development and strength from any machine bearing his name—he was at his best long before they were invented. Whilst such apparatus and light work may be distinctly useful to business men, and for the eradication of complaints and defects, etc. (as I admit they are), and have myself always recommended light dumb-bell and expander work for beginners, **they are useless for would-be strong men who aim at Records.**

I say any average man may make himself as strong as the average music-hall strong man. THAT weight-lifting EXERCISES are not injurious, and that weight-lifting does not make one slow. FURTHER, that weight-lifting exercises are good for most sports.

ALL the above points are emphasised in detail in my book, "**A Quick Route to Strength,**" along with many other interesting and novel statements, which space prevents my publishing.

THE PROOF.

What HACKENSCHMIDT says:

"I want to open the eyes of the public, and warn England against false principles."

"I am distinctly opposed to india-rubber exercisers, grip dumb-bells, and the like, as an assistant to true physical culture. They are a delusion and a snare."

"I repeat, india-rubber exercisers, grip dumb-bells, and the rest of the so-called physical culture apparatus, rubber and otherwise, are rubbish."

"My judgment with regard to physical culture does not differ from that of strong men, such as Saxon, Sandow, and Elliott."

"Any persons anxious to increase their strength should start by lifting weights in proportion to their strength. When he exercises easily he increases his strength."

"Most people say that the heart must suffer from heavy weight-lifting. They are only seeking excuses. I seldom or never saw a man suffering with his heart by reason of training with heavy weights, provided he was in good health and fit to undergo the necessary exertion."

"What I want to see is men who are great putting into practice that which they were taught, say ten or twenty years ago, before modern-day artificial inventions were ever thought of. Then you would see how the whole thing is done, and how men trained and became strong with the aid of Nature's best gifts, and not man's commercial ingenuity."

"I am perfectly sure that every young footballer would improve if he put into a day's training some twenty minutes with heavy weights."

"People who are sincerely interested, and desirous of improving their strength, should, at least, try physical culture as I have described it."

"From day to day, if persons would train as I started to train, and like all strong men train, England would be furnished with lots of first-class men who could compete in straight weight-lifting and wrestling against the best of foreigners, among whom, I, of course, count myself."

"I want to open the eyes of the public, and warn England against false principles. I wish to see England the greatest of all as a physical culture nation, and her young people properly and systematically trained in the way they should go."

The above extracts are from an article by Hackenschmidt in "APOLLO'S MAGAZINE" for Nov., 1906.

It will be seen that Georges Hackenschmidt, one of the finest all-round athletes the world has ever seen, **ENDORSES TO THE LETTER ALL MY CLAIMS.** He has no axe to grind, and no machine to sell.

What SANDOW says:

(1.) "When I was a young man I was a mere stripling, and thought to strengthen my frame by a little light exercise like a wooden wand or a light iron bar—it loosened my muscles, and made them pliant, but no great amount of development came from the exercise. This set me thinking. **So I began to increase my weights and found that I could easily put up a 100lb. dumb-bell.**"

(2.) "The dumb-bell and the bar-bell have been my chief means of physical training."

Extract 1 is taken from p. 137 of Sandow's book, "PHYSICAL CULTURE," published over 15 years ago. Extract 2 from p. 142 same book.

What SAXON says:

"All I can say is you are really giving your true method of training for strength, so long suppressed. I will personally undertake that each pupil who enrols will be entirely satisfied with results."

"I know no one so capable as yourself of explaining to best advantage the methods I and all strong men have used, but which are not properly understood by the public."

MY ADVANCED SYSTEM

consists of EXERCISES **(NOT FEATS)** with my disc bar-bells and dumb-bells. They are gradually progressive—will strain no one—are not monotonous, and RESULTS ARE CERTAIN. It is a similar system to that used by Hackenschmidt, Saxon, Sandow, L. Elliott, etc., etc., **only greatly improved,** and each pupil has my personal attention in arrangement of exercises, weight-bells to be used, etc.

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LONDON, S.W.,
March 13th, 1910.

"The Secretary,
"National Share Exchange.

"Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your favour enclosing cheque for profit made and am much obliged for same.

"No doubt you receive many letters of appreciation from successful clients, and I for one should like to express my satisfaction with the result of dealings with the National Share Exchange over a period of about two years, which have made a material addition to my income.

"I have generally followed the advice contained in your leaflets and telegrams with consistent success. In fact, I can identify my few losses almost entirely with those ventures when I have used my own judgment, or have not acted promptly on your advice, which I consider essential to success.

"Several of my friends to whom I have recommended the National Share Exchange are equally satisfied, particularly with the courteous attention to their business and your prompt settlements.

"Wishing you continued success, and with compliments,

"I am, yours faithfully,

(Signed) "T. J. B."

The Letter Analysed.

Let us now, in the interests of clients and ourselves, examine and analyse this letter. We shall then arrive at a definite conclusion as to its value.

In the first sentence our client acknowledges cheque for profit. This shows, then, that his deal or deals were successful. He is right in surmising that we receive many letters of appreciation from successful clients, and he proceeds to say that he is satisfied with the result of dealings with us over a period of two years. The word "satisfied" might be a doubtful recommendation to the hypercritical, but our client frankly admits that the dealings have made a material addition to his income. That should remove any lingering prejudice in the minds of those who know nothing of our business, or who have never had dealings with us.

Note, further, that he says he has "generally" followed our advice. This, of course, implies that there have been times when he has not followed it. What was the result then? asks the shrewd reader. Our client is definite on that point. He says: "I can identify my few losses almost entirely with those ventures when I have used my own judgment, or have not acted promptly on your advice." Our advice he considers "essential" to success.

It appears that he has also recommended us to his friends. Now, a man has to be very sure before he will take the responsibility of recommending anyone to his friends. It is like putting a man up for your club, which (to be guilty of a bull) you don't do unless you are absolutely sure of him. Now, what was the result of this recommendation of us to his friends? They are "equally satisfied, particularly with the courteous attention to their business and your prompt settlement." All we say to this is that we like to do the right thing in the right way. Finally he wishes us continued success. He is perfectly right in wishing us success, for our success is our clients' success. Thus only can we retain them.

Business is Business.

But we do not ask you on the strength of this, or of anything that is said, to start business transactions with us. We desire that you will make investigation into the methods of our business first. An enquiry on the Form will bring a communication from us, giving you particulars of the System of Business, originated by us, which is so eminently successful in its financial results to Clients.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

TAKING INTEREST.

It is an unfortunate fact that there are many workers who, for one reason or another, do not take interest in their employment.

To prove this, you have only to observe the speed of the average errand-boy. He greets an acquaintance across the road, and may even stop to talk or to fight with him—he will do anything to put off the evil hour when he will arrive back at the office or works which employs him and to receive further orders to go upon another errand.

The same thing is observable in employees of higher status than that of errand-boys. One does not need to be spurred on to do that which one likes to do, and the trouble in the case of these procrastinators can be only one thing—namely, that their work is not sufficiently pleasant to them to draw them back. The only thing that causes them return to it is the fact that if they did not do so they would be dismissed, which would mean poverty and other discomforts. In itself, the work is to them unpleasant.

Sometimes the fault lies with the employees. Never for a moment do they think that the man who has employed them is fighting as hard a battle as any whom he employs. He has to work for his living as well as they have, and upon him rests the greater burden of thinking and providing for those who assist him.

Employees such as I have described take no interest in their work and therefore find it irksome, but the fault as often lies at the door of the employer.

There are bullying and unpleasant employers who make an office a hell. When you work under a man of this description, you feel every time you enter the door of the office sensations similar to those that you might experience on entering the operating theatre of a hospital.

You know very well that not during one solitary moment of the time you spend in that office will you be happy. You make faults, and naturally you do not resent being pulled up about them, but you are pulled up about other things than faults. You are asked why you have not done a certain thing that you have never had time to do.

It is like being back at school again. You are the bad boy who can do nothing right, and you wonder whether, if you had chosen some other line in life, you could have been able to secure a means of livelihood that would have been more congenial and natural. It is impossible for you, under circumstances such as these, to take an interest in your work.

I should say that to be thoroughly interested in one's work is the first essential to success. You get your salary on a Thursday or a Saturday, as the case may be, but if the coins that you then find in your envelope are the only incitement to effort you are doing little more than marking time. A salary is a necessity, for one must live, but the work one does should be worth doing apart from the salary.

If you do not feel that your work is worth doing, and if you do not take an interest in it, you should take one of two steps—either pull yourself together and buckle to, or, if the fault be your employer's, find a new situation under a man for whom you can work with all your heart.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

RUBBERS ADVANCE STRONGLY.

At the moment I am writing these lines Rubbers have advanced strongly, and Vallambrosas—my tip clear and unmistakable to buy for a rise—are prominent. Those who did not buy missed a good purchase.

SPECULATION.

It may be said that all stock and share dealings are matters of speculation; usually this is true.

There are certain stocks that may be call gilt-edged—where you stand no chance of making a profit or of getting more than a moderate interest, but where your money is at least safe.

I should strongly advise small investors to stick to stock of this type. To speculate—that is, to risk your money for the possibility of big returns—is the sheerest folly unless you can afford to lose the money you gamble with.

If, however, you can afford it, and are prepared to take the risks, you will find the tips I give from time to time in this column extremely useful.

METHODS OF DEALING.—F. P. (Portsmouth)—If you will pardon my saying so, you do not state definitely what you wish to know, but I have your enclosures, and I believe I know from these what you want to ask me.

In your previous letter to me you said you had given instructions for your deal in Atchison's Prefs. to be closed, as your call on these shares showed a profit, and I recommended you to exercise your call immediately you saw a profit. I now note that the letter from the firm with which you have a call, dated March 22, informs you that the call expires on the 25th inst., and they advise you that they will exercise it on a profit if practicable on that date. This was the call you told me you had given instructions to close. Am I to assume that they have not carried out these instructions, and have you kept a copy of your letter? If you want to be quite sure in future of a letter being received, you should send a registered letter if the matter is important enough. Respectable firms carry out their instructions, and when you are instructing to close stock which is showing a profit, it is important that instructions should be carried out, as there is always a possibility of active stocks falling. If you will tell me what the position is to date I shall advise you further.

As regards your Vallambrosas, these are even better than they were, and I advise you to hold them for higher prices, as they are likely to remain better. You will find these people with whom you have the call in Vallambrosas entirely reliable. You can protect yourself in case of a fall when you have bought stocks or shares on margin, by putting up further money, one or two per cent. as you please, or more.

You cannot very well protect yourself with a call option, however, unless it is by purchasing what is called a "put," which is the opposite of a call option. This is a method of dealing which is rather too complicated for anyone but a professional speculator.

The "bear" deal mentioned in the communication you forward is another method of dealing when your opinion is that a stock is going to go worse in price. A "bear" deal is on margin; it is practically the same as a put call option, in the sense that it is indicating your position in the market.

DUNCAN, FORBES & CO.—("Sam")—I don't recommend them.

J. C. (Bolton).—Send me all the letters you have received. You may be mistaken in supposing that you have been swindled, but if I find that you have been treated unjustly, I shall take up the cudgels for you with pleasure.

T. O. R. (Yarmouth).—We have already exposed this firm. Be more cautious in future.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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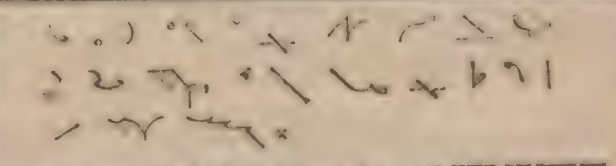

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Tom Burgess, Horseman

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By J. F. JAMESON.

VI.

THE PREY OF THE MIGHTY.

I.

The keen bracing air of early May mornings found Tom Burgess a-stirring betimes.

The rank of Major Blakeney, his employer, was more than the guinea stamp now, for the Earl of Anton's Own were in camp, and on the fringe of that canvas town was the tent of Major Blakeney.

And it was in the capacity of groom-valet and Bohemian butler that Tom Burgess found himself once more under canvas.

Tom Burgess, however, usually had his work done beforehand, and after he had assisted one or two recruits at "stables" the "Major's groom" was a man very much in request, especially if rain threatened and cloaks had to be scientifically rolled, and that hurriedly. The Earl of Anton's were not different to any other Yeomanry regiment. The last thing a trooper learned, seemingly, was how to fold his cloak, and this, as every Yeoman knows, is an art.

It was on the first morning that threatened rain that one, Trooper Darrack, was louder in his maledictions upon Government cloaks than half his squadron put together, and it was the dashing Trooper Lothbury, one of his tent-chums and a highly sporting young man, who appealed to Burgess, whom he had espied afar off assisting a palpitating recruit, to come to the assistance of Trooper Darrack.

"This man," said Trooper Lothbury, "wants dry-nursing. Perhaps you'd oblige—er—Mr. Burgess."

"Bet he's been in the Yeomanry before, Darrack, old boy," said Trooper Lothbury as he regarded the handiwork of Tom Burgess. "Does it in a twink, by Jove! . . . Now then. Bettin', Darrack?"

"Lord, no! Think I'm green?"

The pale-faced and rather slight Trooper Darrack watched Burgess with some show of interest. . . . Burgess placed the cloak upon the saddle in the usual manner.

"Good heavens!" said he, as he tried the girth. "You'll have your nag slippin' through this . . . and what the devil *have* you done to this bit?"

Trooper Darrack drew up as close as he could to Burgess.

"I wish to goodness, boy," said he, "that I'd never joined!"

Such a remark, coming on the freshness of a May morning with the aroma of "cook-house" coffee only just fading, caused Burgess to look up in surprise.

"But it was Lothbury—Lothbury and the other chaps. I hadn't the pluck to stick out. It was the swagger thing to do—but I've had bad luck since then. Besides——"

From the breeze-fanned *venue* of the morning parade, a green valley between the undulating downs, there came the sound of the trumpet-call to fall in.

"Come on, Jerry!" shouted Trooper Lothbury, who was already mounted.

Burgess drew up and held the stirrup for Trooper Darrack.

"Besides——," Darrack began again.

"Come on!" came the yell from Lothbury.

"Oh, all right!"

Trooper Darrack drew an unhappy sigh and, pulling his horse round, rode at an easy trot over the daisy-carpeted green.

"Lucky devil!" said Burgess aloud, for there was no one to hear him now.

Beneath the cloudless sky and in a glorious sunlight the Earl of Anton's Own was drawn up a-horse in four squadrons, all the metal brilliance on the harness furnishing flashing back the rays of the sun.

Tom Burgess watched them as they rode off the parade ground in line, with the sunlight casting their moving shadows on the turf. He heard the shouts of the squadron-commanders, and it took him back again to the old days, when Trooper Burgess, of a London regiment of Yeomanry, had spent his prescribed sixteen days under canvas with "the boys."

Another change of scene—and here was that same Tom Burgess whom he had known in his other life talking very seriously to his Squadron Sergeant-Major, and it was not of camps, or parades, or shooting averages, or regimental cups. Then again, because of what he had told that Sergeant-Major concerning himself, Tom Burgess—that strange, mis-motived, rather unformed young man—was handed his discharge free, so that he might go out into the world and seek his living somewhere more open than in the air that is whizzed into an office by an electric fan.

And here he was by the decree of fate at camp again this year, but not under the usual circumstances, or perhaps the other circumstances had not been usual? Really, the more he tried to recognise this Tom Burgess of the old days, the further he was away.

The regiment now had disappeared into a dip in the undulating country, and with them went his reverie.

The Major's spare horse Black Beauty wanted light exercising. Burgess returned to the officers' horse-lines, and then saddled her swiftly—he was becoming a master at the art now.

Swinging a leg over her lightly, he gathered up the reins, and, rising in his stirrups, went off over the springy turf at a smart trot in the direction of the little hills behind which the Regiment had disappeared. In the distance he saw a khaki-uniformed Yeoman riding out of the blue towards him. As he neared, Burgess thought he recognised him. The Yeoman waved a hand.

Coaxing his mount into a light hand-canter, Burgess rode on.

"Good gad!" said he. "Trooper Darrack!"

He reined up.

"What's the game?" he asked.

"Game?" the weary-eyed Trooper Darrack smiled. "Greatest bit o' luck in the world. My gee stumbled and went a bit gamey.

"'Fall out, Darrack,' says the Sergeant-Major, 'and take him back to camp an' put a cold pr... on his off fore.'

"'Right, sir,' says I, and falls out according, thankin' my lucky stars."

Tom Burgess eyed him in surprise.

"You mean to tell *me*," he exclaimed, "that you reckon havin' to fall out as a bit of luck?"

"Rather. So would you, if you'd been playing poker half the night by a shaded lamp. All we troubled about was emergency visitin' roun... We'd squared the guard, you see."

"I see," said Burgess.

"I say, d'you know anything about bandaging horses off-fores, because I'm damned if *I* do?"

"A little."

"Ah! you were in the Yeomanry once, weren't you, so I expect you can put me up to many things——?"

Tom Burgess turned his horse and rode by the side of Trooper Darrack to the lines.

"Many things?" said he. "Well, one tip is to sleep as well as you can between Government blankets after 'lights out.' All card-playin' and no sleep makes a man a bad Yeoman——"

"That's not the correct quotation. 'All work and no——'"

"But you'll find it's very true," said Tom Burgess.

II.

When the shades of the glorious mid-spring evening had fallen upon the camp of the Earl of Anton's Own that night, almost all the Yeomanry of that regiment had gone "down town," attired in the splendours of the walking-out uniform.

Burgess had spent a fruitless hour at the usual exit from the lines, waiting to buttonhole one Trooper Lothbury of the Earl of Anton's Own.

Burgess had assisted a tired Yeoman that morning to bandage the "gamey off-fore" of his charger. At the finish he had also assisted him to unroll his puttees, so that he might lie upon the Government mattress with some degree of comfort.

"I l-like you, Burgess," Trooper Darrack had said sleepily and simply. "Come and wake me up before one, will you?"

He did not hear Burgess's answer. But he, seated in the tent's one available camp-chair, watched the boy as he tossed in his troubled sleep. Now and then he mumbled something about Lothbury, and once he observed distinctly that he "didn't know how he was going to square up that debt of honour—two quid."

"Debt of honour's a debt of honour," he mumbled.

Whereat Tom Burgess began to see certain things that had hitherto been hid from him. He made a note that he would tackle the Trooper Lothbury as tactfully as possible on the subject. Quietly placing the cloak over the huddled-up form of the sleeping boy—he did little more—he went out.

Yet that night he had missed Trooper Lothbury, of the Earl of Anton's Own—and——

Tom Burgess cursed his luck.

Then he returned to his tent, which he shared only with the Colonel's groom—a state luxury this—and proceeded to clean up the Major's saddlery.

But his thoughts turned on Trooper Darrack again.

"Poor little devil!" Tom Burgess said to himself, and after priming his lamp he started work upon the dusty stirrup-leathers.

For some time naught could be heard in the vicinity of Tom Burgess's tent but the sound of work and the application of much elbow-grease.

An hour had passed ere, smartened up for the evening, Mr. Tom Burgess, groom to Major Blakeney, walked out of his tent, cursing himself for absent-mindedly looking round for his regimental whip.

His way led him beyond the horse-lines round the back of the encampment.

Once clear of the lines, he put on pace, and threaded his way quickly through the avenue of tents under the moon. . . . He heard

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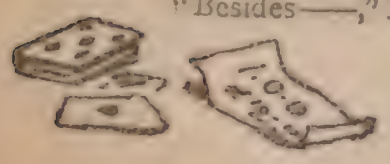

sound as of altercations in one of the tents—a circumstance which surprised him, as the officers were dining out at the invitation of the Major, and all other men he thought had gone down to the town, whose lights twinkled over the downs.

"Look here, Jerry"—the words came borne clearly on the light breeze—"you can't owe this man any more. You'd better throw your money about, go out and borrow some, or pawn something. Very likely you'll get your losses back. Never say die, you know."

The voice was Lothbury's. . . . Tom Burgess stopped short. "Jerry," of course, was Trooper Darrack.

Then there was the sound of discontented muttering, evidently from Trooper Darrack.

"Hang it, you've got my watch, Lothbury," said he at length. "I think your a cad—yes, damn it, Lothbury, a *cad!*"

The words contained all the sting of the youthful gambler who cannot lose philosophically.

"Good gad, you shall pay for those words, you young blighter!"

Burgess started forward at a run now. There was the sound as of a blow and someone falling heavily on a Government mattress.

"There, you little fool. You're a nice specimen of a Yeoman, *you* are!"

"Look here, Lothbury, it was you that egged me on to come and tent with you. It's you who started this fool game of poker. Well, I'm boker —cleaned right out. I shall have two quid when the Quartermaster's paid out the extra allowance and—you can have that." Darrack seemed to have risen now. "I believe the whole thing's of you have swindled me; done me pink and clean well brown."

"Jerry, Jerry!" Lothbury was evidently trying to calm Darrack down.

"My name's Darrack!"

There was a pause after this.

Burgess stood near the flap of the tent, ready to take the part of little Darrack if his alleged friend took advantage of his inferior strength again.

"Clear out of this tent!" The words came the clenched teeth of Trooper Lothbury. "You've spoilt our good time, Trooper Darrack, and now you blame us because you've lost your money. . . . Why the devil didn't you go and tent with grooms—not with gentlemen! Or, look here, Jerry, I'll be reasonable with you——"

"Go on."

Trooper Lothbury dropped his voice.

"You know those two wealthy blighters in Squadron 'A,' don't you? The—er——"

"Minsters?"

"Yes; bring the Minsters round here to join us to-morrow night at a little game of faro, and I'll tear up your I O U. Look here, Jerry, I want to be pals.'

Burgess heard a paper crinkling inside the tent.

"Your promise, and I'll tear it up. What's it matter? They've plenty. Get 'em round to punt against the bank, and you can stand in. Now, don't be a little fool, Jerry. Dash it all, you'll never make a good Yeoman if you can't indulge in a little strategy!"

Trooper Lothbury's voice was almost gay.

The next moment his eyes fell upon the form of Tom Burgess.

"I was four years a Yeoman, Trooper Lothbury," he exclaimed; "but this is the first time I've ever heard cheating called 'strategy'!"

Trooper Lothbury paled a little.

"What the devil do *you* want?" he asked.

"Just now," said Tom Burgess, "you suggested to Mr. Darrack that he should clear out of this tent. I think it's the best piece of advice you've given him.

"Mr. Darrack, have I permission to assist you in your moving? This, I think, is your bedding and kit-bag. Well, you can bring your sword and rifle."

Trooper Darrack bit his lip.

"You mean it, Burgess?" he asked, a little nervously.

For answer, Tom Burgess coolly picked up his bedding and kit-bag.

"Take your sword and rifle and go first. I can see that this—er—strategist doesn't strike you from behind.

"That's it. Now—march! Trooper Lothbury and gentlemen of this tent, communications for Trooper Darrack will find him—care of the Major's groom!"

CANINE TRICKS THAT SHOULD BE CHECKED.

It is a strange fact that in the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—dogs; or, at any rate, of a dog. With the onward march of spring the call of the country, alike to the sportsman and to the sedentary worker, grows more and more commanding; and to a man who is going to take a holiday in the country, even if it be only for a day, a dog is indispensable.

But for the benefit of those men whose acquaintance with the canine race is not of long standing, the following warnings may not be out of place.

Always watch your dog when out for a country ramble. Don't let him get out of your sight. Manure heaps exercise a fatal fascination over many dogs, especially long-haired breeds; and unless you are very careful, your four-footed friend may bounce up to you, giving forth, as a result of a "roll" in one of these heaps, a by no means pleasant flavour. *Verb. sap.*

Some dogs have a bad habit of running into cottages and shops, and this tendency should be sternly checked.

And do not let your pride in your dog prevent you from stopping any fights in which he may engage. It will be kinder to the dog in the long run.

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A MAN'S UMBRELLA

SOME HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS ABOUT A USEFUL ADJUNCT.

An umbrella is a necessity in a climate like ours. It may be so designed that it is also a luxury.

There is nothing that so fixes the status of an individual as this adjunct to a man's get-up, except, perhaps, the way he carries it.

A shabby umbrella may mark the philosopher—or the sloven—or it may be the last phase of the "gone-to-seed" gentleman.

An umbrella with a worn-out ferrule or a damaged handle certainly says, "as plain as whisper in the ear," that its owner is careless; while slit silk and broken ribs would be impossible dilapidations to a person whose tastes were fastidious, though to a scholar such things might be but trifles not worthy of consideration.

Fashion has little to say on the subject of a man's umbrella except in so far as the handle is concerned. A man need consult only his personal taste as to whether his umbrella shall be crook-handled or crutch, and whether it shall be silver-mounted or inlaid with a still more precious metal.

Plain or carved, no matter; but it must be a *good* umbrella quite apart from its fancy top.

A slim, tightly rolled up silk umbrella, with an elegant handle, marks the man of fashion, though I once knew an Irishman who loved a fight carry just one of these umbrellas.

THE COUNTRY CAMP.

A stout, rather baggy umbrella, with a serviceable handle, is usually the property of the country clergyman, though a stump orator of the old school develops a weakness for a similar gamp.

This kind of umbrella is usually grasped firmly by the middle.

The thoughtless man tucks his umbrella under his arm, so that when he turns round abruptly the ferrule signals danger; but unfortunately for those close behind, the signal and the ferrule act simultaneously.

The brisk, bustling sort of man uses his umbrella as a walking-stick, and the condition of the ferrule gives away this habit.

The aggressively-minded individual has an unpleasant habit of attracting a friend's attention by a prod in the back with his.

The sportsman has small need of an umbrella; it has no affinity to any kind of sport. But the man about town is an exotic to whom a shower is a calamity; besides the umbrella is the attendant satellite of the topper. If a man dons a topper he carries an umbrella also.

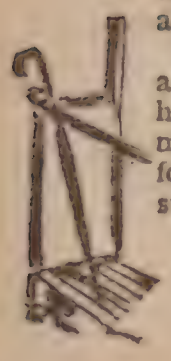
USEFUL AS CAPITAL.

An umbrella is a useful thing—quite apart from its sheltering attributes.

A good one is ever welcome to the proprietors of the three golden balls. It may therefore be said to be often the means of tiding a man over a bit of bad weather in more ways than one, and enabling him to wait till the clouds roll by.

It is more easy to explain its disappearance than a watch, for a handsome umbrella will excite the envy of fellow-clubmen, even to the point of annexing it dishonestly.

To come to practical advice for the treatment of a man's best friend, it may as well be stated here that an umbrella really needs a great deal more attention than it is in the habit of receiving, for the average man is apt to be very careless over such matters.



It should not be dropped, neither should it be used to dig with. It is the last thing that should be thought of in connection with stopped up drains or a dull fire, nor should it be used to fish for that infernal stud which has eluded our efforts and rolled under an immovable chest of drawers.

It should not be left tightly rolled up for long spells at a time, neither should it be allowed to drip in the stand right way up. Both of these proceedings rot the silk, or, if it is a second-best umbrella, the silk mixture.

In dry weather it should be occasionally unrolled, shaken out and left to air.

After getting wet through, it should be thoroughly dried and laid wide open on the floor of a sunny room if possible, but on no account near a fire.

One old crank of my acquaintance used to hang his wet umbrella on a clothes line in his garden to get dry.

For all intents and purposes, however, a room answers the purpose, though, to be sure, there is an old superstition that it is unlucky to open an umbrella in the house.

AVOIDING BAD LUCK.

To obviate this, in the interests of the umbrella, the writer used to take the gamp into the harness-room or other place apart from the dwelling-house where feminine superstition ruled supreme. It may be that to those in like predicament this tip will be a welcome one.

An umbrella makes a most acceptable gift, but let it be in good taste. An instance came to my notice once on the occasion of a pal's wed... Among the gifts was a most elaborate umb... The handle and bands were of gold. There ... also a presentation label—I can call it no... less—of the same metal, setting forth that it ... presented to Mr. and Mrs. —— from Mr. ... Mrs. ——.

I don't know what my pal did with it, but ... ornate vulgarity it quite took the palm.

AS A WEAPON.

A man's umbrella has often figured as a re... useful weapon against sudden attacks by rou... and a good stout umbrella in determined hand... by no means a weapon to be despised.

It is quite possible for the handle to be of ... sonal workmanship, such as ivory carved into ... semblance of a dog's or a horse's head, or of s... out-of-the-way wood, or, again, a piece of polish... stone can be fashioned into a handle for those ... like even their umbrella to be of an unc... variety.

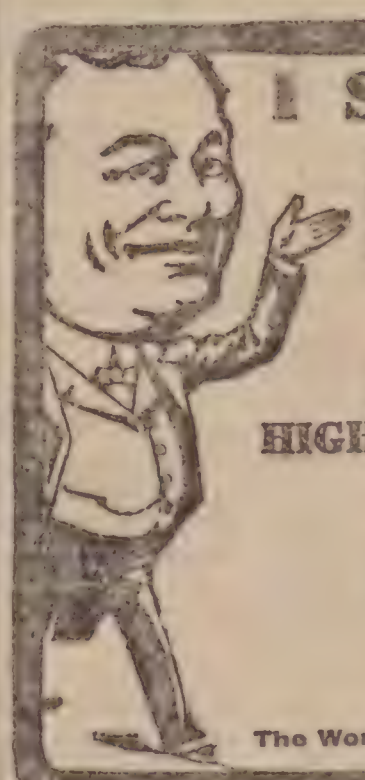
A serviceable crook-handle is, after all, the ... for you can hook it on your arm if your ha... happen to be full of luggage. P. Kindness.

MAKING THE MOST OF A HOLIDAY

It often happens that on one's return from ... holiday or a "week-end away," one feels disc... tented and begins to think that one could h... spent that brief respite from work to better ... tage. And it is very often true.

But the way to get the very utmost enjoy... and subsequent pleasant recollections, out of ... holiday is to take a camera with one, not a la... affair necessitating a "stand," but a hand ... pocket appliance.

With this one can take all sorts of interes... pictures, quick snapshots of wild life in its ... surroundings, photographs of local sporting ... marks, and so forth; all of which can be ... so as to form pictures which, placed ... walls of the sportsman's den, will be a ... unbounded pleasure in days to come.



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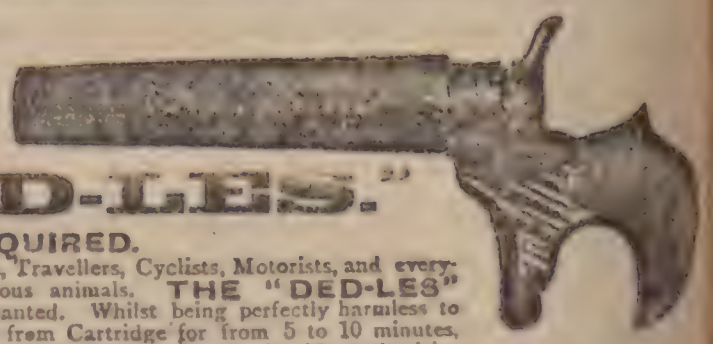

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. C. (Aberdeen) wants a cure for hollow cheeks and a pale face. Our prescription is plenty of exercise, fresh air, and good food. If that fails see a doctor.

T. G. B. (Wellington, N.Z.) points out that in some of our copies sold in his colony leaflets are inserted by advertisers who have not paid us for the privilege. We shall look into the matter.

H. H. (Dawlish).—You could probably get electric clubs for exhibition purposes from Gamage, High Holborn.

T. A. C. (Seacombe).—Happy to send your newsagent a poster, but you must get him to promise to exhibit it regularly; also give us his address, a point which you forgot.

F. H. A. (Rochdale).—For a week's walking tour you can easily do without any luggage at all—except a toothbrush. Wear a flannel shirt, and sleep in it. Wash your handkerchief each night; it will be dry by morning if you hang it beside the open window. As for socks, post home your dirty ones and buy new ones.

A. C. CRAPPER, 33, Barber Road, Sheffield, wants a pal who is keen on sport.

J. S. P. (Poulton-le-Fylde) has a fancy waistcoat which he likes, all except a white spot which occurs too often in the pattern. He wants to know how to get rid of this spot. Have the garment dyed.

F. H. T. (Brockenhurst).—We are pleased to hear that the old friend whom you met by chance in Southampton was also a member of our League. It is becoming increasingly difficult to find men of the right kind who are not.

W. S. (Belfast).—Every healthy athlete perspires freely when taking exercise. You say you have ruined a couple of coats because of the cloth at the armpits rotting with the action of the sweat. You can't cure these coats, but you can prevent a recurrence of the trouble. Dress suitably for your sport, wearing either a sweater or a singlet, either of which can easily be washed.

A. W. C. (Norwich).—It costs only a halfpenny to send this paper to Canada, but a penny to send it anywhere in this country. There is great need for reform in regard to magazine postage; newspapers are more fortunate in this respect, but you cannot register a publication of this type as a newspaper.

A. G. (Leicester).—There is not much chance of your finding a farmer who will pay you wages during the first few months, as you admit that you know nothing of farming. While being taught your work, however, you will be supplied with board and lodging. To obtain a situation advertise in this paper.

T. B. E. (Dublin).—Have your cycling knickers washed. There is no need to go to the expense of dry-cleaning in a case like this.

"FRED" (Cardiff).—It is impossible for us to say whether you would be a success in the Colonies; you know your own qualifications best. Talk the matter over with your father.

"CLUMSY" (Plymouth) tells us that he acted up to his nom-de-plume by upsetting a bottle of green, sticky corn-solvent over a new pair of breeches, and he wants to know how to remove the mark. Any chemist will supply him with the chemical that keeps the thick element of the solvent in solution; an application of this, and a judicious use of blotting paper, will take the stain out.

W. F. (Coleshill).—We shall certainly avail ourselves of your invitation if we are in your district.

M. R. (Fasnacloich), **W. J. D.** (Plymouth), **P. E. R.** (Barrow-in-Furness), **H. T.** (St. John's), **B. G.** (Southport), **P. H.** (Kettleshulme), **W. M. J.** (Seacombe), **J. K. M.** (Manchester), **E. T. M.** (Durban), **R. S.** (Newcastle), **T. B.** (Edinburgh), **T. O.** (Durban). Many thanks for congratulations and suggestions.

(Owing to pressure on our space, a number of replies are unavoidably held over till next week.)

Among the most useful things to plant in the garden is the scarlet runner bean. It will serve a double purpose, and is both useful and ornamental, for its scarlet flowers and bright green foliage are almost as effective as the sweet pea, and a hedge of it will transform an ugly corner of the garden in a very short time.

The correct time for planting scarlet runners is at the end of April, but the ground will require some preparation beforehand, as the soil must be good and rich, and well broken up.

The plant can, of course, be trained on pea-sticks in the usual way, but it is very suitable as well as ornamental for covering fences, trellis, summer-houses, archways and so on, and the beans, in themselves less unpleasing to the eye than many vegetables, will prove most useful.

* * * * * * *

It will be necessary just now to keep a sharp eye on all seeds planted last month to protect them from the ravages of the birds. A few yards of strawberry netting or an old tennis-net will be found extremely useful if propped on sticks so as to keep the marauders at a distance, and not to injure the young shoots.

Cabbage seedlings are especially liked by the birds, which will pull them up wholesale if not prevented.

Failing a net, a dusting of soot and lime will often drive the birds away.

* * * * * * *

The edging of a flower bed makes more difference as regards its tidiness of appearance than anything else, and some time may well be devoted to them this week. Box edgings, to the renewing of which I referred last month, should be carefully cut and trimmed. A pair of scissors will be found more suitable for dealing with the young plants than a clumsy pair of shears, and a dark day should be chosen for the work. A good soaking with water will be necessary as soon as the trimming is finished.

Hardy edgings may now be planted. Cerastium tomentosum, or "summer snow," makes a very effective white edging, as does white arabis. Put in cuttings at short intervals and they will soon take root and spread into a neat border. In the case of arabis, however, it is advisable to try and get a bit of root to each plant when dividing.

Blue lobelia makes an effective dark edging to a bed, but it is rather too common in suburban gardens, and Dell's beet is a less hackneyed alternative. The seedlings must be thinned out later to about six inches apart.

Parsley, as I have said before, makes a beautiful as well as a useful edging, if it is kept in order and not allowed to grow thin in places, as it has a tendency to do.

A favourite but very common plant for borders is the golden-leafed "featherfew," but unless it receives a lot of attention it soon grows straggly and is not to be recommended if neatness is desired.

C. B. STAINER.

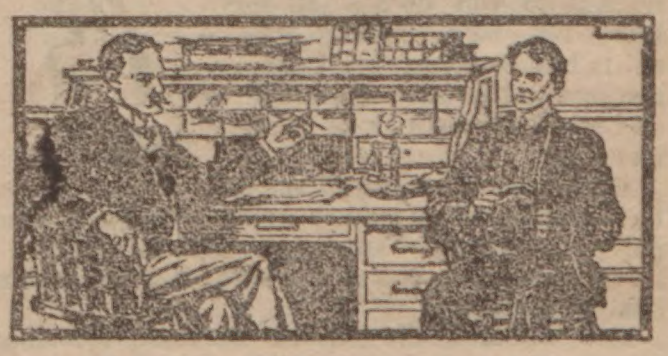
THE CARE OF CRICKET ACCESSORIES.

The old stager at the great game of cricket will not need these hints; but they will probably be of use to the hundreds of men who will be taking the game up for the first time.

When you give your bat, or bats, a wipe over with an oily cloth every fortnight or so, don't forget to perform the same kindly office for any cricket balls you may possess.

When you "draw stumps" always scrape off any earth that may be adhering to them, or it will be more difficult to pitch them next time. And don't knock them in with the face or the back of your bat, but with the top of the handle.

The proverb, "a stitch in time saves nine," applies to nothing more forcibly than to horsehair leg-guards. So that immediately one of them shows signs of bursting, put a timely stitch in—or get somebody else to do it for you.



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The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A TIP FOR THE BACHELOR.

The average bachelor has for some reason a horror of having to mark his own clothes. He looks upon it as woman's work and dislikes messing about with marking-ink and quill pens and so on, and still less can he sew on tapes bearing his name.

The result is that if he is not blessed with a sister or a mother or some other friend in need who will do the job for him, his new underclothes, shirts, handkerchiefs and collars are sent to the wash unmarked, and run a serious risk of being lost there.

But the simplest expedient is to buy an ordinary rubber stamp with one's name on, and to keep a small pad and brush with a bottle of marking-ink of the kind that requires no heating at the fire.

The whole outfit can be obtained for about eighteenpence, and will last almost indefinitely.

With this it is easy to mark any article of attire, and that far more neatly than it can be done in writing. Wool, of course, will not take the stamp, but on almost every garment it is possible to find some piece of linen or other material which can be marked with it.

When marking garments it is often useful to add the month and year in which they were bought. It enables you to judge how long they last, and may be a guidance in the choice of an article with which to replace them.

This, however, must be done either in writing or by means of a separate dating stamp, unless you possess one of those small printing outfits with detached letters, which are in themselves by no means expensive.

WHAT TO WEAR AT A WEDDING.

At this particular time of year, I suppose, more marriages take place than at any other, and to judge by the number of letters I have received containing questions about the correct thing to wear at a wedding, Cupid is playing havoc among my readers and their friends.

I am not concerned with the bridegroom's attire only, or even the best man's, for all those who receive invitations to a wedding will probably wear much the same. In the old days a frock-coat was demanded by fashion for all the men present, but nowadays a morning coat is even more fashionable, though the frock-coat is not incorrect. A man will not look very seriously out of place, even at a more or less fashionable wedding, in a dark blue or black lounge suit, though, of course, if he possesses a long-tailed garment it is preferable.

Fancy waistcoats, which were rather the rule a few years ago, are now quite the exception. If a morning coat is worn, the trousers should be of cashmere, of as light a shade as you possess them.

The collar will, of course, be of the wing variety, and the gloves preferably of some light shade of grey, or perhaps fawn.

The choosing of a tie is the most difficult item. A self-coloured tie that is somewhere between dove-grey, lavender, and mauve is the most popular, but one can never be wrong with a black and white tie of a pattern which is not too dark.

As for boots, patent leathers—with or without grey tops, or, if preferred, with spats of the fashionable new grey colour—will be most correct, but here again lightly-made black boots, preferably of glacé kid, will not look at all out of place.

Buttonholes are not usually worn except by stewards or members of the bride's and bridegroom's families, to whom they are supplied beforehand, and, of course, by the bridegroom and best man.

CHOOSING SOCKS.

Different men have different tastes in the matter of socks, but the prevalent fashion is undoubtedly more quiet than it was a few years back.

Self-colours are now most worn, and socks of almost any shade are obtainable. They look especially well when relieved by clocks at the sides.

It is rarely safe to pay less than eighteenpence for a pair of socks, since with the cheaper kind, if the colours are at all vivid, the dye has a great tendency to run when the feet become hot, and there are cases on record of blood-poisoning ensuing from the absorption of this dye.

If socks with some kind of pattern are preferred, the thing to avoid is a pattern with rings which run horizontally round the ankle and over the instep. These are not only unfashionable but unsightly, whatever colours may be used. If stripes are affected let them run vertically up and down.

One of the drawbacks of coloured socks is the difficulty of obtaining wool of exactly the same colour with which to darn them, and it is almost better that a hole should appear above the heel of one's shoe when walking than that a patch of bright green should appear in the heel of a mauve-coloured sock—a thing which I have seen in London.

For the man who dresses quickly and prefers something serviceable, there is nothing to beat plain black or navy blue. Neither of these will look out of place even with brown shoes or with any kind of suit.

A very useful as well as smart sock is one of plain brown or cinnamon colour. This is extremely useful for wear with brown boots or shoes. and if you are the possessor of a brown tweed or flannel suit, they enable you to produce a very effective colour scheme, with the addition of a tie of some shade of brown or yellow.

SHORT-FRONTED DAY SHIRTS.

A garment for which I could never see the necessity is the white shirt with stiff cuffs and a little starched front which makes it impossible to wear it with anything but morning dress.

I had a severe warning against the garment a short time ago. Somehow or other I became the possessor of one of these shirts—I suppose I got it for full-dress wear in the summer time under the impression that it would be cooler than the full-fronted shirt.

I was invited to spend a night at a country house where evening dress was *de rigueur*, and on going up before dinner to dress was horrified to find that having packed in a hurry that morning I had put into my suit-case this short-fronted white shirt instead of an evening dress one.

There was no way out of it, and no one from whom I could borrow a more serviceable article, so I had to put on the shirt and make the best of it. But there was a considerable gap between the bottom of the shirt front and the top of my dress waistcoat, which I was obliged to cover up as best I could with the aid of a clean handkerchief.

The expedient answered fairly well, but to make it quite certain that such an accident shall not happen again that shirt has now been converted into a soft-fronted one.

And for use with a lounge suit a soft-fronted shirt is the best possible, while on the rarer occasions when a man has to wear some form of morning dress that demands a starched front and cuffs, the ordinary evening-dress shirt should answer the purpose.

WHEN FITTING BREECHES.

It is a useful tip, when trying on a pair of riding breeches, to kneel down in them and make sure that you can do so without discomfort.

Many tailors concentrate their endeavours on giving you a nice clean fit round the knee when you are standing. But few men ride with their stirrup-leathers so long that their leg is anywhere near straight, and if the tailor has not a saddle, sit on an ordinary chair with the back between your legs, and make certain that when the knee is bent there are no creases in the material, which are likely to come between the leg and the saddle, for if so they will give you a sore leg after a short ride.

And quite apart from their utility for riding in, you do not want your breeches to be garments in which you cannot kneel down comfortably.

Often the seam at the top of the close-fitting part of the breeches happens to come above the projecting bone at the outside of the knee. If this is so it is almost certain to gall you when you kneel.

NO MORE SHINY CLOTHES.
SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.
By means of this ingenious apparatus all shiny places quickly removed from all articles of clothing. No Chemicals. Post Free. 1s. 8d.
R. PARKES and CO., 181, Blackburn Road, Accrington.

A CAPITAL
25/- SPORTING COAT
Invaluable for walking, cycling, shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports.
This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back, to allow freedom of shoulder movement. It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer.
Large patch pockets. Horn or leather buttons.

Materials:
HOMESPUNS, SCOTCH TWEEDS, IRISH TWEEDS.
An accurate fit is guaranteed. Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.
J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,
20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.
Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Gent's Dress Suit, twice worn, cost £4 10s., accept £2, fit gent. 5ft. 6in.; bargain.—Box 2040, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London. E.C.

Manufacturer's Stock of Men's well-made, dark, hard-wearing Tweed and Black Suits, sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, retailed 25s. to 30s.; our price 15s. 9d., money returned willingly; send chest and inside leg measures.—A. W. Adams, Cloth Hall, Pentre, South Wales.

Dress Suit, chest 34, height 5ft. 8in., as new; 35s., cost 70s. net.—Box 2046, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Nothing too big and nothing too small for Gilbert Gunn, Turf Accountant, 13, Breadalbane Street, Glasgow. Write for rules.

Marlin Repeating Rifle, cost £4; new last season, perfect condition; sell at 30s., or offer; cheap.—Box 2044, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Sale, pair of Sprint Wheels, in good condition; bargain, £1.—Box 2042, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Wanted, 3¼-plate Folding Pocket Camera for plates. Tudor or Klito make preferred. Unicum or good variable shutter.—Full particulars of lens, &c., and cash price.—Box 2049, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

No. 1 Folding Pocket Kodak, in leather case, perfect condition; cost 45s. 6d., accept 14s. 6d., a bargain.—Box 2051, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES, AND ACCESSORIES

Gent's Cycle, in splendid order, 25in. frame, owner going abroad; a bargain, £3 5s.—Box 2043, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome Head Acetylene (large) Motor Lamp (Miller), £5; also very small Motor Bicycle Lamp, 10s. 6d., was £1.—Box 2052, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Werner Motor, 2-h.p. 26in. wheels, Dunlop Palmer tyres, F.N. carburetter, in good order; sell cheap; exchange push cycles.—Box 2053, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

For Sale, an Opossum Rug, unmounted, also Jackal Carriage Rug, rather worn.—Box 2054, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Turnout, smart genuine lot. Bay mare, 15.2, quiet to ride and drive, nearly new Ralli car, by Windover, Ideal tyres, back seat, lamps, &c., good brass-mounted Harness; mare is a good Yeomanry charger; reason for selling owner bought motor.—Box 2055, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

POULTRY YARD.

Hearson's 100-egg Incubator, complete, as new, 45s.; also Foster Mother, 25s.; or £3 for both; finished hatching; letters only answered.—Box 2059, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

100-egg Incubator for Sale, nearly new, thermometer missing, Tamlin's self-filling lamp; price £3.—Box 2060, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

For Sale 5-string Banjo and Tutor; 15s. lowest.—Box 2042, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Banjo, 5-strings, good condition, in case; cost £5, take 35s.—Box 2061, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Bedlington Terrier dog, 18 months, champion pedigree, game, good companion; £2.—Box 2041, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Black Retriever, smooth, wavy coat, good watch dog, worked one season, keen for gun, beautiful head and ruffle; 25s.—Box 2056, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Bobtail Old English Sheepdog, about twelve months old; approval, cheap, no cards.—Box 2057, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome Fox-terrier dog, evenly marked black-and-tan head, white body, correct ears, fond of children, well trained, reliable; £1.—Box 2058, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Modern Power Generators, 2 vols, illustrating and describing all modern power appliances, with 11 coloured models and index. Cost 2gs.; price, £1.—Box 1998, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Shorthand, see Sloan Duplovan advt., page 19.

Wanted, Tom's Irish Directory for 1909, must be in perfect condition and cheap.—Box 2063, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

What offers? 8 vols. Cassell's Encyclopædia, 6 vols. Business Encyclopædia (by Knight), all good condition.—Box 2064, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser, by D. S. M. Knight, 7 vols., complete, quite new; will sell 45s., or exchange for something useful.—Box 2065, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Earn Money at Home.—Particulars, addressed envelope, Edwards, 54, Cornwall Road, London, S.W.

To Secretaries of Clubs, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 20.

DEBENTURE SHARES, &c.

£350 Provident Bond, £46 paid, ballot section, eligible immediate advance. What offers?—Box 2066, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Rubber Shares, 30, fully paid, £1, Sumatra; 22s. each, exchange brewery, industrial shares, gold watch, other offers.—Box 2067, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Rubber Shares, promising company, small lot; £5.—Box 2068, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

50 Lipton shares, 27s., sound investment. Would divide.—Box 2069, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£300 Provident Bond, special ballot section, £82 paid; cash offers.—Box 2070, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Why be Thin? Send P.O. 1s. for Recipe to make you plump.—Box 2045, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 2071, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell Dr. Carter's Embrocation, invaluable to all sportsmen and athletes. 2s. 9d. size bottle post free, 10½d.—Send at once, Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 2072, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Matrimonial Post."—Established half century; 15,000 marriages arranged; larger than all the matrimonial agencies in the world combined; sealed envelope 5d.; with circular 9d.—Editor, N.N., 9-14, Trafalgar Buildings, London, W.C.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert, 1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—N. A. J., 16, Caldecot Road, Denmark Hill, London.

Astrology.—Year's events. The Planets' Influence on Destiny, Marriage, &c., Send birth date, with 1s. order.—Prof. M. M. Mercury, Llandaff, Glam.

Few hundred assorted pictorial postcards to clear, comics, views, and actresses, &c.; 1s. 6d. per 100, post free.—Box 2078, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Magnificent collection Disc Records, new, Melba, Caruso, Tetrazzini, &c., also orchestral band, and instrumental solos; sacrifice.—Box 2076, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"The Modern Man" Watch, guaranteed perfect timekeeper, real lever, keyless, for P.O. 2s 9d., post free.—N. A. J., 16, Caldecot Road, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. Patronised by the Nobility.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Military Binocular, as used in the Army and Navy; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

15S. 6D. (Worth £6 6s.)—Powerful Binocular Field Glasses, 10-lens Magnification Power; brilliant definition; 60 miles' range; great depth of focus; large field of view, adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy, in brown saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice 15s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Military Binocular (by Lumiere), £8 8s. pair; achromatic; extra powerful; fitted with 12 finest quality crystal lenses and extending sunshades; over 60 miles' range; very clear definition; adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy; solid leather sling case; sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval willingly.

49S. 6D.—£10 10s. Double Draw Binocular, 12-lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass-made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; brilliant definition, wide field; in hard English brown leather case; sacrifice, 49s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Special "Modern Man" Offer!

April 16.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells

.... ON ....

FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each, equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.

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